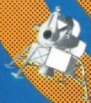


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JULY 18, 1969

TIME



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MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? NOW MANY?	11	10	4	3	NONE!
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CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD ON TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS!
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Rod McKuen • Tebaldi • Steinberg • Krups
Peter Seeger • Munch • Casals and others...

BEST SELLERS AT 1/2 PRICE...\$2.49
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The Cream • Eddie Arnold • Monkees and others...
plus...from 50% to as high as 79% discount on famous labels: RCA Victor, Capitol, Columbia, Decca, Liberty, Motown, EMI, Vanguard, and others.

TAPE DISCOUNTS—33 1/3%—ALL LABELS
Cartridges, Cassettes and Reel-to-Reel

★ Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Cartridges and cassettes included!

★ No "quotas" to buy. Take 0 records or tapes or 100!

★ Save! Discounts up to 79%! Prices as low as 99¢ per LP!

★ Every record and tape brand new, first quality, factory fresh—and guaranteed fully refundable!
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Lists over 15,000 available LPs on all labels! Classical—Popular—Jazz—Folk—Broadway & Hollywood sound tracks—Spoken Word—Rock and Roll—Comedy—Rhythm & Blues—Country and Western—Dancing—Listening—Mood! No Exceptions!

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RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X958-J
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Yes—Rush me lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master Catalog(s) (check box below) and Disc Guide at this limited Special Introductory Half-Price membership offer. I enclose \$2.50. (Never another club fee for the rest of my life). This entitles me to buy any LP's and Tapes at discounts up to 79% plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return item above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

☐ Send Master LP Catalog ☐ Send Master Tape Catalog
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Polyester-Fiberglass Construction.

We put fiberglass belts on a rugged Vicron polyester cord body. This unique "tread-saver" construction helps reduce scuff and squirm. One reason the tread lasts twice as long—gives you 100% more mileage.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 16

APOLLO 11 (ABC, CBS, NBC). Hugh Downs and David Brinkley will start off NBC's coverage from Cape Kennedy at 6 a.m.* with ABC's Frank Reynolds and Jules Bergman joining in at 7 and CBS, with Walter Cronkite and Wally Schirra, at 8. The networks will be going all out in presenting the zenith event of the space program, and plan to spend two days in continuous coverage (Sunday, July 20-Monday, July 21), when the descent to the moon's surface is scheduled. A camera in the lunar module will transmit, live, man's first step on the moon, and Astronauts Aldrin and Armstrong as they collect rock samples. Later, the timetable calls for progress reports on re-entry and splashdown in the Pacific. A final summation of the nine-day journey will be broadcast on each of the three networks on Thursday, July 24, in prime time.

DARWIN (NET, 9-10 p.m.). One hundred and thirty-four years after the *Beagle's* original voyage to the Galapagos Islands, a Canadian Broadcasting Corp. crew follows Evolutionist Charles Darwin's route and discovers many of the same flora and fauna he found in this "living laboratory of evolution." Repeat.

Thursday, July 17

ANIMAL WORLD (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Beasts of the Week are beautiful killer cats, photographed in their natural surroundings.

DEAN MARTIN PRESENTS THE GOLDDIGGERS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Lcu Rawls, hero of rhythm-and-blues fars, is joined by Gail Martin (Dino's daughter) and Paul Lynde for another summer with the singing, dancing Goldiggers. Première.

Saturday, July 19

A.A.U. TRACK AND FIELD MEET (CBS, 4:30-6 p.m.). The U.S., U.S.S.R. and British Commonwealth compete at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Trenton "200" Indianapolis car race.

MISS UNIVERSE BEAUTY PAGEANT (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.). Monique Van Vooren, Earl Wilson and nine other students of form will choose this year's winner.

Sunday, July 20

SOUNDS OF SUMMER (NET, 8-10 p.m.). Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston Pops in a George Gershwin concert, including *An American in Paris*, *Concerto in F for Piano and Orchestra* (with Pianist Earl Wild) and selections from *Porgy and Bess*.

Monday, July 21

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "A Plague on Your Children" explores man's limitless ability to devise his own destruction—this time, through chemical and biological warfare. Repeat.

Tuesday, July 22

1959 ALL-STAR BASEBALL GAME (NBC, 7:30 p.m. to conclusion). A centennial salute to the national sport from Robert F. Kennedy Stadium in Washington, with pregame cheers offered by Curt Gowdy, Tony Kubek and Mickey Mantle.

* All times E.D.T.

THEATER

For those who like thought-provoking theater, summer stages offer a few productions to counterpoint the staple fare of sugar-coated musical comedies.

HUNGER AND THIRST is a new play by Eugene Ionesco in its U.S. premiere at the Berkshire Theater Festival, Stockbridge, Mass. (July 16-26). A complex work in three episodes that traces a man's lifelong search for joy and truth, it is also a spectacular that includes music by Richard Peaslee (*Marat/Sade*), elements of choreography by Julie Arenal (*Hair*), monumental sets by William Pitkin and a cast of 35, including James Patterson, Ruth Ford, William Prince and Virginia Kiser. Ionesco is in residence to give Director Arthur Storch the benefit of his own interpretation.

OTHELLO, Shakespeare's valiant Moor, is played by Errol Hill and directed by Rod Alexander, and **THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN**, Peter Shaffer's drama about the confrontation of an aging, existentialist Pizarro and the proud Peruvian Incas stars Rod Alexander and is directed by Errol Hill. The switch indicates the balanced nature of the Dartmouth Summer Repertory Theater Company, which is staging the two plays in Hanover, N.H., between July 17 and Aug. 30.

MOTHER COURAGE, Bertolt Brecht's treatise portraying common man as war's much-buffeted victim, will be modernized for its presentation in the bucolic setting of Castleton College, Castleton, Vt. (July 15-26). George Tabori directs a cast that includes Wife Wiveca Lindfors as Mother, Sam Schacht, Rudy Bond, Julie Garfield and Pat Suzuki as the whore, Yvette.

JOE EGG is a comedy built around the unlikely subject of a spastic child who, as the focus of her parents' attention, holds their marriage together. Peter Nichols' play is performed by the new Madison Civic Repertory, Madison, Wis., on several dates between July 23 and Aug. 16.

THE HOMECOMING, Harold Pinter's study of a family's control and betrayal of each other, represents the Minnesota Theater Company's first foray into the bleak world of the British playwright. Joseph Anthony (*Mary, Mary*) directs, Lee Richardson and Robin Gammell star, and the play will be performed in repertory through Sept. 20.

RHINOCEROS, an Ionesco parable about a man's isolation, will be performed by A Contemporary Theater, Seattle, Wash. (July 22-Aug. 2). Robert Loper will brave it out as Béranger, the man who manages to resist conformity, Arne Zaslove will direct, and film projections will take the place of props to provide the scenery.

CINEMA

THE WILD BUNCH. The script is only another chapter in the legend of the West. But Sam Peckinpah's triumphant direction places him with the best of the newer generation of American film makers and makes the film a raucous, extremely violent classic of its genre.

THE FOOL KILLER AND THE BOYS OF PAUL STREET. In *The Fool Killer*, a runaway twelve-year-old orphan comes to the beginning of maturity through a series of picaresque adventures. The call to action in *The Boys of Paul Street* is a dispute over the last vacant lot in town. Both films



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TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.



from TIME Publisher's Letter

are tragicomedies that are focused on—and for—youth.

THE FIXER. Alan Bates, Ian Holm and Dirk Bogarde perform with passionate conviction in this movie based on Bernard Malamud's novel in which a 30th century Job survives the plague of prejudice and degradation in Czarist Russia.

MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN and **RING OF BRIGHT WATER.** Both films deal with happy obsessions. The first revolves around a Canadian youth's fascination with the solitude of the Laurentian mountains. The second concerns a Londoner's affection for an otter. Both are children's films, but adults will also find them charming.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. Director Larry Peerce has produced some rare moments of social criticism in this film, but he frequently slips into burlesque. Nevertheless, Richard Benjamin and Ali MacGraw are all-around performers.

WINNING. In this melodrama of the Indianapolis 500, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman sometimes flash their celebrated force and conviction. For the most part, the action (like the race) merely goes in circles.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. A Texas drifter and a Bronx loner provide the nucleus of an unusual moving picture about love among the loveless. John Schlesinger (*Darling*) directs Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman with a restraint that is often missing from the script.

LAUCHLIN IN THE DARK. Anna Karina (an usherette) is the taunting, haunting object pursued by a wealthy blind Englishman (Nicol Williamson). The script was carefully adapted from Nabokov's exploration of jet-black humor.

POPI. The plight of the poor is told with humor and bite in this surprisingly successful comedy. Alan Arkin is magnificent as a Puerto Rican widower with three jobs, struggling to get his children out of a New York ghetto.

TRUE GRIT. John Wayne, 62, gallops off into his sunset years as Rooster Cogburn, a one-eyed federal marshal with an indiscriminate passion for justice, bullets and booze. The rest of the cast are only props to support The Duke in his best performance in a decade.

PEOPLE MEET AND SWEET MUSIC FILLS THE HEART. There is welcome relief in this bizarre Danish film satirizing all that explicit cinematic sexuality.

THE LOVES OF ISADORA is distinguished only by Vanessa Redgrave's graceful and majestic performance. The truncated scenario is essentially true to events but essentially false to Isadora, who made them happen.

BOOKS

Best Reading

TIME OUT OF HAND: REVOLUTION AND REACTION IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, by Robert Shaplen. Using flashbacks into history and probes into the future, *The New Yorker's* veteran correspondent in Asia views present dangers there with well-measured judgment.

THE YEAR OF THE YOUNG REBELS, by Stephen Spender. Mingling on the barricades with American and European student radicals, the Old Left poet and veteran of Spanish Civil War politics reports humanely on New Left ideals and spirit.

SONS OF DARKNESS. SONS OF LIGHT, by John A. Williams. In this novel set in 1973,

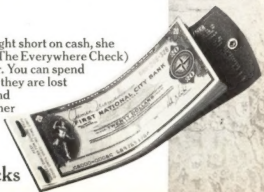
TIME, JULY 18, 1969



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(The Everywhere Check)





F. 36: This week's perfect martini secret.

Always keep the gin in the refrigerator.
The perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

a normally reasonable Negro civil rights leader hires a gunman to avenge the death of an unarmed black boy shot by a white New York City policeman. The result evokes the tragedy of a sleepwalking American society that can only be awakened by violence.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER, by Gay Talese. A former New York Times staffer takes his readers far behind the bylines for a gossip analysis of the workings and power struggles within the nation's most influential newspaper.

CRAZY OVER HORSES, by Sam Toporoff. "Horses, horses, horses, crazy over horses," the old song goes. Less repetitive but equally obsessed, the author has transformed a lifelong weakness for the ponies into an oddly winning novel-memoir.

WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, I THINK, by L. Wolfoode. A young couple expecting a baby embark on a honeymoon in the Michigan woods and discover terror in paradise. A remarkable first novel.

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES, by Jane Jacobs. With a love of cities that overshadows mere statistics, the author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* explores the financial aspects of growth and decay in urban centers.

THE RUINED MAP, by Kobo Abe. In this psychological whodunit by one of Japan's best novelists (*The Woman in the Dunes*, *The Face of Another*), a detective turns a search for a missing husband into a metaphysical quest for his own identity.

ADA, by Vladimir Nabokov. A long, lyric fairy tale about time, memory and the 83-year-long love affair of a half-sister and half-brother by the finest living writer of English fiction.

PICTURES OF FIDELMAN, by Bernard Malamud. Yet another *shlemiel*, but this one is canonized by Malamud's compassionate talent.

BULLET PARK, by John Cheever. In his usual setting of uncomfortably comfortable suburbia, Cheever stages the struggle of two men—one mild and monogamous, the other tormented and libertine—over the fate of a boy.

THE LONDON NOVELS OF COLIN MACINNES (*CITY OF SPADES*, *ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS*, *MR. LOVE AND JUSTICE*). Icy observations and poetic perceptions of the back alleys and subcultures in that pungent city on the Thames.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Love Machine*, Susann (1 last week)
2. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (2)
3. *Ada*, Nabokov (3)
4. *The Godfather*, Puzo (4)
5. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (6)
6. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (7)
7. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (8)
8. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald
9. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (5)
10. *Bullet Park*, Cheever (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (4)
2. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (2)
3. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (6)
4. *Jennie, Martin* (1)
5. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (3)
6. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (5)
7. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman
8. *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir*, Newfield
9. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (10)
10. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester

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Summer lingers on into fall. The fish keep biting, the water stays warm, flowers bloom. Bermudians as always are gracious hosts.

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Nothing happened overnight. Generations of American people worked themselves to death just eking out a living in this country. The skills came painfully. And, at the expense of luxuries, people saved a little of what they earned. It wasn't much. But it was enough.

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LETTERS

End of a Gimmick?

Sir: Pessimistic over the sex explosion (July 11)? Not me. Perhaps at last people will get so accustomed to the sight of the human body undraped that they will no longer spend their time and money just to see it. Soon movies, magazines, plays, etc., will have to come up with some other gimmick to attain the attention of the public and the dollar. How about the end of a gimmick and the beginning of art?

ROBERT E. CANNON

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: "Cancer" has long been regarded as the dirtiest word in the English language. Until the late 1950s, many newspapers and magazines carefully avoided using it and it was whispered about as a dreaded family secret. But banning the word did not eliminate the disease or lessen its effect. It is possible, however, that our semantical escapism did actually thwart medical research into the disease to a high degree.

This same kind of delicacy and shame has forced an almost awesomely destructive set of sexual attitudes upon us. Whole generations of Americans were taught that their natural processes were unpeppably vulgar and, as everyone from Freud to Spock discovered and proved, these repressions forced all kinds of personal and social disorders upon us. Europeans have always laughed at us as "those people who only make love in the dark."

So we divided into three camps: the "normals," who fumbled their way through adulthood, clawing at flannel nightgowns in the dark; the "abnormals," who found some release from their secret agonies by paying incredibly high prices for incredibly more pornographic trash sold under the counter by amoral "businessmen"; and the pathetically small group of well-adjusted human beings who answered their children's early, innocent questions honestly and didn't paddle their behinds every time they fondled themselves.

Despite the efforts of those of us over 30, the present young generation is learning what sex is really all about. The naked body and its natural functions are being openly displayed and discussed. The next generation will be healthier for it, and if Freud and all the others were right, then perversion and pornography will decline as honesty and understanding increase. A time will come when all of the "shocking" literature, plays and movies of this epoch will seem archaic and naive—and terribly boring. This is not "liberation" at all. It is the development of a true normalcy. A development long overdue in this country.

JOHN A. KEEL

Manhattan

Sir: Your cover story was interesting but inconclusive. You failed to point out the chief casualties of the current smut cycle: style, class and grace, which continue to be indispensable qualities of enduring art. Today's vendors of sexual kitsch have kept the dirty bath water (in some cases literally) and thrown out the baby, and with it their chances of eventual survival. Boredom will rescue us from their brand of entertainment.

FRED SAIDY

Douglaston, N.Y.

Sir: I expect that soon you will be publishing smoke-room stories; but if and when you do, please check with me. I believe there are only 18 basic ones—so don't overdo it.

LIONEL STEVENSON

Wayne, Pa.

Sir: Some time ago I thought it would be interesting to know if historians would refer to this decade as the "sickies" or the "sexies."

"Now I know. It will certainly be the 'six sixties.'"

C. M. WILLIAMS

Jacksonville

The Real Cause

Sir: I congratulate you on your excellent article on *la causa* (July 4). As volunteer workers in La Joya de the Rio Grande Valley, Texas, my wife and I discovered a very simple and beautiful people. It hurt to see them work so hard and receive and have so little. It hurt to see the ignorant prejudice against which they must struggle and the very poor living conditions of so many. As a nurse, my wife saw health problems we believed no longer existed in the U.S.

I think that we should realize that Cesar Chavez's boycott is not against grapes. It is a boycott against hate, poverty and fear. This is the real cause.

TIM SCHROEDER

Manitowoc, Wis.

Sir: You say in your cover article, "Unlike the blacks, who were brought to the U.S. involuntarily, the Chicanos have flocked to the U.S." It seems to me you are rather ignoring a shameful episode in Mexican-American relations—namely, the Mexican War.

The war and the resulting treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo not only deprived Mexico of over 40% of its land but also made many thousands of Mexicans involuntarily Americans overnight. In many areas of the Southwest, the Mexican American may date his family's residency over a century, if not longer.

LEE OLIN

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Sir: Your story on Chavez makes a strong case for his sincerity but not for his intelligence. He opposes birth control for his people because "smaller families would diminish the numerical power of the poor." The more poor people the better?

ROBERT S. GREENBERG

N. Hollywood

Sir: The heat of the San Joaquin Valley during grape-picking time must surely rival hell in its intensity. I lasted less than one day picking, or more accurately "cutting" grapes; and I can testify that picking cotton is fun compared to that.

However, did you give a fair picture of the grower in your article? I think not. When I went to pick up my pay, I found the grower's house to be a shack; and his wife, shabbily attired, could scarcely speak English. From what I've seen of other farm owners, this most likely may be the rule rather than the exception.

The great difference between the two is that the picker will subsist on welfare the rest of the year, the grower will not.

JO ANN MOORE

Orange Cove, Calif.

Sir: When I say that some of my best friends are "Chicanos" I include my dentist, my accountant, numerous attorney buddies, a fair number of local politicians, a couple of really good auto mechanics, a lady who runs an outstanding Mexican restaurant in Los Angeles, the former sheriff of Los Angeles county, five judges, numerous cops and my mother-in-law.

The real story is the extent to which Americans of Latin descent are in the mainstream of Western life. Come out and see for yourself.

RON SWEARINGER

Hollywood

Backward into Peace

Sir: Thank you for your Essay on the frightful potential of chemical-biological weaponry (June 27) and the curious twists of logic used to justify its proliferation. Technology in all fields races toward the day when man, wishing to zap his fellow man, can choose from an infinite arsenal of macabre techniques. While we are waiting for a weapons scientist somewhere out there to stumble upon a peaceful use for his gases and bacteria we can take heart in the words of Ogden Nash:

*When genies in every nation
Hasten us toward obliteration
Perhaps it'll take the dolts and geese
To drag us backward into peace.*

MICHAEL DU BOIS

Corvallis, Ore.

Voyage of Expediency

Sir: Your note pertaining to Russia and the American Civil War states, "The Russians actually dispatched warships to the U.S. to demonstrate their support" (July 4). This was not the case. The Russian fleet had been ordered to sea as a precaution against easy destruction in the Bal-

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tic Sea in case of war. Russian treatment of the Polish people in rebellion had led to representations by the French and British governments. This caused concern in Russia that war might result. Of course, when the fleets arrived in New York and San Francisco, the Russians were glad to be hailed as supporters of the Union cause and did nothing to dispel the misunderstanding. This view prevailed until F. A. Golder, working in the Russian archives, located the Russian plans. His article, "The Russian Fleet and the Civil War" was published in the *American Historical Review* in July 1915.

GEORGE F. EMERY

Gettysburg, Pa.

Eau de Cologne

Sir: Writer Samuel Coleridge seems to have been wondering about the polluted Rhine [July 4] in 1807 when he wrote:

*In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements jag'd with murderous
stones,
And rays, and hags, and hideous
wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and
sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?*

RICHARD OHRN

Indianapolis

No Contest

Sir: Your commendable "peaceful revolutionary" from Brown, Ira Magazine [July 4], may have some difficulty if he plans to "joust with the authorities at Oxford's Balliol College." He had better be prepared for a group of dons whose social, economic and academic perspectives easily match the boldness of his own ideas. The doctoral program Magazine will follow, supposedly so traditional, can be a study of almost anything, so long as he finds a supervisor who takes him seriously. He may discover that there is no shock value at all in a "sweeping cross-disciplinary plan of his own design." Unfortunately or fortunately for him, Oxford has an amazing ability to absorb the most outspoken of the outspoken. Balliol especially has an insidious way of inculcating the quality that is for Magazine's (and my) generation the least understood and least valued of virtues—humility.

BRIAN PATRICK MCGUIRE
Graduate Student

Balliol College
Oxford, England

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

ALTHOUGH the basic structure of TIME has never changed, there is great flexibility within the format. Over the years we have added many departments and dropped others as their time passed. Stories range from 20-line shorts to two-page essays, as well as the weekly five- or six-page cover articles. Occasionally, an event is of such extraordinary importance that it demands special treatment.

This week, to mark what may well be the most momentous journey since 1492, TIME tells of Apollo 11's odyssey to the moon in a 14-page Special Supplement. It is our second supplement this year. The Jan. 24 issue carried the first, "To Heal a Nation," when Richard Nixon was inaugurated 37th President of the U.S.

TIME's own Apollo 11 team in New York consisted of Senior Editor Ronald Kriss, Associate Editor Leon Jaroff, Contributing Editor Marshall Burchard, and Researchers Sydney Vanderschmidt and Gail Lowman. Dogging NASA officials, scientists and astronauts from Houston and Washington to Cape Kennedy were Correspondents David Lee and Donald Neff, both veterans of previous launches. Neff, who spent two years reporting from Saigon, finds that space "is all the things that despairing war is not. The space program is affirmation. It shows that man's spirit is just as daring and questing as in the time of Homer."

A questing spirit is no less important to journalists. In May, Editor Jaroff heard rumors that NASA had quietly changed its quarantine plans for the Apollo 11 astronauts. The May 16 issue of TIME brought out into the open a behind-the-scenes debate on the possible dangers of lunar organisms and helped influence NASA to tighten its quarantine procedures. During Apollo 10, Corre-



APOLLO 11 WATCHERS IN NEW YORK

spondents Lee and Neff questioned NASA's announcement that ground controllers had tracked the lunar module to a point 9.4 miles above the moon's surface in its lowest pass. The definitive figure should have come from the LM's radar, which must accurately gauge the spacecraft's distance from the moon. Digging further, Lee and Neff found that the lunar module had indeed seen things differently, and reported correctly that the spacecraft entered an orbit with a pericynthion of 8.9 miles.

Four of TIME's Apollo 11 team are pictured above with famed Space Writer Arthur C. Clarke, who made his own contribution to the supplement. They are standing before a mock-up of 1 M, the lunar module, part of a new display in the Time & Life Exhibition Center, which includes models of Saturn V, Surveyor, Ranger and Lunar Orbiter, along with an astronaut manikin standing on a simulated piece of the moon.

The Cover: Design by Dennis Wheeler

* From left: Jaroff, Clarke, Lowman, Vanderschmidt and Kriss.

INDEX

Moon Supplement: A New World 18

Art	49	Letters	9	Notion	12
Behavior	66	Listings	4	People	46
Books	80	Medicine	60	Press	44
Business	73	Milestones	68	Religion	62
Cinema	77	Modern Living	70	Television	71
Education	53	Music	59	Theater	67
Law	56			World	32

EDITORIAL STAFF

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George Kutas, Thure D'Neel, Frederick J. Reigatha.

PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: Ralph P. Davidson

GENERAL MANAGER: Robert J. Moore

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 18, 1969

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THE NATION

NIXON'S FIRST SIX MONTHS

RICHARD NIXON'S White House is a controlled, antiseptic place, not unlike the upper tier of a giant corporation. It is staffed by briskly busy young men whose discreet, deliberate, disciplined manner accurately reflects the image of the Boss. The President is seldom seen by the press. The "Beaver Patrol"—the title given to the assistants of Presidential Aide H. R. Haldeman—scurry around with the Nixon orders and the memos signed R.N. Working

CORRADO—LOS ANGELES TIMES



"DON'T FORGET, THE WELCOME MAT IS ALWAYS OUT HERE AT THE WHITE HOUSE FOR MY FRIENDS!"

in the oval office, the Lincoln Room, or a new hideaway in the Executive Office Building, Nixon keeps ceremony to a bare minimum and makes sure that there are few official appointments to disrupt his organized days. After six months in office, say those closest to him, he is calm and confident—and pleased with the record of his fledgling Administration.

He has some things to be pleased about. The polls show 63% approval, and "Middle America" still seems to be in tune with him. Liberals in both parties, on the other hand, have begun to question his performance—though he has surely done better than they predicted before his election. In fact, his achievement record is mixed. On the plus side are foreign affairs, the direction set on Viet Nam, economic pol-

icy and an important psychological factor: the credibility gap that haunted Lyndon Johnson has been closed by Nixon. On the minus side is his lack of real leadership in the deepening social crisis of the blacks and the cities.

Foreign Affairs

In foreign policy, the new regime undoubtedly makes its best marks. Nixon has clearly demonstrated his Administration's interest in world affairs, not merely Southeast Asia's. Despite his past reputation as a hard-line anti-Communist, Europeans generally find

—some dramatic move after the inauguration, a cutback in American-initiated ground actions. On balance, however, Nixon has done about as much as could be reasonably expected, considering the political, diplomatic and military perils of the situation. At any rate, he has completely changed the official U.S. attitude toward the war.

To Nixon's credit, too, is something that can easily go unnoticed: the absence of any major blunders or "over-reactions." Unlike John Kennedy, he has not had a Bay of Pigs in his first six months. Unlike Lyndon Johnson,

RICHTIG—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS



the new regime less dogmatic and more open to discussion than its predecessor. The President's liberal critics, moreover, sometimes seem readier to fault him than Moscow; his impending Rumanian trip, for example, was denounced as a mistake by his opponents while apparently not ruffling the Russians at all. The Soviets appear eager for better relations, and the prospects for a slowdown in the arms race look better than they have in years. Last week, in what may be the beginning of a worldwide drawdown, the President announced that 14,900 troops will be brought home from various stations abroad.

The unhappy battlefield of Viet Nam, of course, will prove the chief test of the present Administration. Nixon, the one-time hawk, is determined to disengage. He has begun to lessen the U.S. involvement here and has put pressure on the Saigon government to seek peace. It can be argued that he might have done more

he has not had a Dominican Republic. While he did nothing at all when the North Koreans shot down a U.S. airplane, killing 31 men, his restraint was well-advised.

The Economy

Inheriting a dangerously overheated economy, Nixon has moved forcefully to curb inflation. His economists have tightened the fiscal and monetary screws and, unlike Johnson, Nixon appears ready to maintain that firm grip even at the cost of greater unemployment. But some of his subordinates have been painfully inept, notably Treasury Secretary David Kennedy, who last week suggested for the second time since taking office that it might be necessary to impose wage and price controls if the surtax were not extended (*see BUSINESS*). He did this even though the President is firmly and publicly opposed to such a step. Nixon himself, however, is re-

sponsible for the Administration's early indecision on the surtax and tax reform. As a result, the tax is tied up in a Senate committee (the Treasury has been empowered to withhold the tax temporarily) and the financial markets may not know for weeks exactly how the Government will fight inflation.

Race and Cities

On the most serious domestic problem—the racial and urban crisis—Nixon has already failed his first test. The nation's blacks have been largely ignored, and the Administration has vacillated and backtracked on civil rights. While it has brought important court suits and cut off federal funds when necessary to enforce desegregation, its main thrust, in the proposed voting rights bill and school desegregation guidelines, has been to weaken the national commitment to end racial separatism. So far, the President has done or said little to convince the nation's Negroes that he is on their side.

Black protest has been quiescent for the past six months. It is possible that the President's tranquilizing tactics may work—but hardly in the long run. "Instead of cooling the crisis," says Whitney Young Jr., executive director of the National Urban League and a leading spokesman for black moderation, "this studied nonactivity is adding dangerous fuel to the pent-up rage and frustration of inhabitants of our black ghettos." As if to prove Young's point, the man chosen by Nixon to promote his black capitalism program—a major campaign pledge—angrily resigned last week. "It's useless to go on like this," said Philip Pruitt, who was assistant administrator of the Small Business Administration. "The President just didn't support the program. Rhetoric, rhetoric, rhetoric, but no support."

Administration and Congress

Most of Nixon's successes and failures might have been predicted from his past record and his campaign statements. What could not have been anticipated is his erratic performance as an administrator. Few men know Washington better than Nixon, and few place a higher premium on order. The President retains his image of methodical competence. Yet the Administration appears in many ways to be maladroit and insensitive. More and more, comments TIME's Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sides, "there is an aura of ineptitude growing here that could spread to the nation. There is a growing feeling in Washington that Nixon and his men cannot manage the machinery; that it is too big, too complex for them."

Task forces and subcommittees abound, but their output so far has been slight. Final proposals by the President to Congress have been slighter still. As yet, there is no Administration policy on such high-priority issues as so-

Liberal Republicans: A Shared Concern

Liberal Republicans are a restless lot under the Nixon Administration. To find out what they are thinking, TIME Correspondent Loye Miller last week interviewed two prominent G.O.P. liberals in states that are usually far apart in political philosophy, Iowa and Massachusetts. As might be expected, the Midwesterner—Tom J. Riley, 40, a successful Cedar Rapids lawyer, an eight-year (1961-1968) veteran of the Iowa legislature and an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1968, was happier with Nixon and more willing to give him time to tackle the country's problems. John S. Saloma III, 34, an associate professor of political science at M.I.T. and a former president of the Ripon Society, the Republicans' liberal organization, was more apprehensive. But their concerns seemed remarkably similar.

Riley

I think the President has created the general impression of a well-qualified administrator putting in long hours and trying to do a first-rate job. He fits the image of a proper, upright, law-abiding citizen of humble background who has succeeded through perseverance. With a lovely wife and two very correct daughters, the whole family represents solid middle-class achievement. Beyond that, I think that in his views he represents the great consensus of the American people on the subjects of the day—law and order, campus disorders, civil rights.

I am concerned, however, over what appears to me to be an effort to placate the Southern elements in our party. I personally feel that the desegregation guidelines should not have been relaxed. It was unwise both in the country's interest and the party's interest. I think we've waited long enough for the Brown decision [the Supreme Court's 1954 edict outlawing school segregation] to be implemented. I was just coming out of the Air Force when that decision was handed down. Since then, my daughter, who was less than a year and a half, has practically finished high school. White children who weren't old enough for kindergarten then have now been graduated from high school, while so many Negro children have yet to benefit.

From a very significant law-and-order standpoint, the Administration's action was also unwise. It cuts



the ground right out from under responsible Negro leaders, like Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young and others, who have argued for the due-process approach, as opposed to violence and extortion in achieving Negroes' aims.

Nixon appears to be trying for a consensus. I think you only obtain a consensus by accident; you can never create it. When it exists for you, you take great advantage of it, as Johnson did for a period of time. But when you're riding a number of horses, you only look good until they split up to go around a tree. L.B.J. came to his tree in Viet Nam.

Saloma

The honeymoon has been as much a reluctance of many people to become involved as it has been an affirmation or vote of support for Nixon. There was so much of a spirit of participation in the "new politics" of 1968, and so much of it was blunted, that it has caused a sort of pulling back in an important sector of American politics. But it's only a matter of time before these energies become mobilized again. I think there is a real danger that [the Nixon people] have misread this and got it all mixed up with their ideas of popular support and the Gallup figures.

You detect in this Administration a kind of nonreality in the way it reads the popular mood of the country. It very accurately reflects a part of America, but it moves further and further away from other parts of it. The longer-haired people and the blacks and the eggheads think differently from the Middle American, and under Nixon's strategy, they aren't brought to interact.

When it comes to college students and their causes, I think the Nixon bias is very much an over-30 bias. But he is speaking to a very legitimate concern in the country. What is bad about this is that you have these two moralities that are not speaking to each other. And when you have different moralities, the question is not which is more relevant, really. The key thing is leadership, and how it makes itself relevant to the problems the country faces. The men of this Administration are a decent group of Americans, but do they really understand or communicate with the major factions of the country?



continued on page 14



At top, Nixon welcomes Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie. He then congratulates Washington Senators Manager Ted Williams. At bottom, he applauds retired NATO commander, General Lyman Lemnitzer, after honoring him with three Distinguished Service Medals.

cial security, poverty, welfare, transportation and the war against crime.

Stranger still is the Administration's failure to communicate with Republicans in Congress. Stories, some apocryphal, some true, are making the rounds about urgent telephone calls to the White House that go unanswered for days or weeks, or for good. There seems to be no ideological bias to the neglect, but Republican liberals are the most upset. Democrats, of course, were never enchanted with Nixon; so they could scarcely be characterized as disenchanted now. Nonetheless, there is a growing feeling that the President is a man who bends under pressure. Many were confirmed in this view when Everett Dirksen and other Senate conservatives defeated the appointment of Dr. John Knowles as HEW's Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs. Reports *TIME's* Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil: "Individual Democrats like Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, are moving into the vortex where the decisions are made."

The Politics of Zigzag

Certainly few Presidents in U.S. history have had to deal with more difficult problems. Moreover, Nixon was elected by a minority. This fact has persuaded him that he must maneuver and enlarge his hold on the middle ground rather than take dramatic positions on one side or the other. From all appearances, he is following the politics of zigzag, giving way on one point to gain on another. His surrender on the Knowles appointment, for instance, was motivated in part by the need for conservative votes on the surtax and the antiballistic-missile system. There was much talk last week that he was moving to the right. Most of it was premature. When one of the President's top aides was asked whether the Administration was swinging to the right, he replied, "Sure—every other time." Only a few months ago, the liberals seemed to be in the ascendant. "It's the way you sail a boat when the wind's against you," says another White House staffer. "You tack. You average the headings."

Every Administration to some extent shifts and bends, compromises and changes in response to the prevailing breeze. There is no convincing evidence so far that Richard Nixon, for all his tacking, lacks an ultimate goal or a philosophy. Indeed, up to a point, a great deal can be said for responding to the winds. To his credit, Nixon sensed early that there is a rising gale against the Viet Nam war. His greatest challenge today is the clock. If within a reasonable period, he can produce a formula for peace, many Americans will be inclined to give him more time for the task of healing the domestic wounds. It is perhaps more likely that a troubled nation will demand progress on both fronts at once—and that may be Nixon's real test.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Finch's Quandary

I don't really feel that I've lost any equity. Our relationship isn't built that way. We've been through lots of wars before, and we both realize that you don't win them all.

Robert Finch, as he himself insists, may not have lost any equity with Richard Nixon. But their 20-year relationship has become strained. Yielding to pressure from the potent American Medical Association last month, the President humiliated the Health, Education and Welfare Secretary by failing to support his choice of Boston Physician John Knowles for a top department post. Bowing to his supporters in the South, Nixon later allowed Administration conservatives led by Attorney General John Mitchell to overcome Finch's reluctance to relax the standards for school desegregation. Continuing conflict between Nixon and the Cabinet's outstanding liberal over the tone and direction of the Administration's domestic policies seems inevitable.

Conflicting Constituencies. Their differences are political and philosophical, not personal. Nixon and Finch serve conflicting constituencies. In his courtship of the broad American middle class, Nixon has largely ignored the very groups that his HEW chief must serve—the poor, the black, the young and the disadvantaged. In so doing, he has undercut his fellow Californian and made his already complex job even more difficult.

In what seemed to be a move to bolster Finch's stock in the Administration and on Capitol Hill, Nixon last week declared his "complete and unqualified support" of a set of HEW proposals to combat the rising costs of health care. Warning that the nation faced a "massive crisis," he placed his presidential imprimatur on a report prepared by Finch and Dr. Roger O. Egeberg, who was named Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs after the Knowles appointment collapsed.

Rhetoric, Not Remedies. The report was stronger on rhetoric than remedies. Blaming the high (average: \$70 a day) cost of hospital care on the previous Administration, it warned that the federal share of the Medicaid program of health care for the poor alone could sextuple its \$2.5 billion annual cost by 1975 unless draconian measures are adopted. The HEW message proposed a combination of voluntary action by the medical profession and hospitals, plus close supervision by the Government. HEW, the report said, will increase and intensify its programs for reviewing drug utilization and effectiveness, tighten its surveillance of Medicare-Medicaid fees and payments, and realign or diversify federally approved hospital programs.

While Nixon's endorsement may have helped Finch regain some of his lost prestige, the school integration compro-

mise did nothing to improve the Secretary's standing with his black constituency. Finch had argued that school districts should, without exception, comply with the 1964 Civil Rights Act by the fall of 1970, according to HEW's original timetable. Instead, the Administration provided a Dixie-wide loophole by allowing districts with "extreme and valid reasons" to postpone integration beyond that date, with no firm deadline for eventual compliance. Finch loyally rationalized that the Administration's new policy could actually prove stronger, since it would call for a nationwide rather than a regional approach to integration, but few liberal educators were convinced.

Surprise Suits. The Administration did, however, move quickly against several noncomplying school districts. Finch himself last week cut off federal funds to schools in Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. The Justice Department, meanwhile, started desegregation suits against eight Southern school districts and warned a state and two cities to comply with federal guidelines or face court action. One of the warnings, aimed at Georgia, was hardly unexpected. Two others came as a surprise. The Administration ordered the city of Waterbury, Conn., to take immediate action to end racial imbalance



MITCHELL



FINCH

Admitting only that the batting average has fallen.

in its schools or face a suit. It also gave Chicago a fortnight to end faculty segregation or face similar action (see box). Despite this flurry of activity, liberals and blacks, familiar with the slow pace of court proceedings, remain skeptical about the Administration's intentions and sincerity.

Finch remains publicly optimistic, although there has been more open sniping at him and his department by White

House staffers since the Knowles contretemps. Philosophical about his recent setbacks, he admits only that his "batting average has fallen off sharply." But he denies rumors that he will soon be leaving the Nixon team to run for the Senate in California. "This," he said of his job, "is a four-year commitment." Whether he will be able to keep that commitment and still serve his constituency is highly doubtful.

Why the Government Is Threatening to Sue Chicago

LIKE youngsters in many large American cities, Chicago's schoolchildren learn—or fail—in an environment of *apartheid*. Blacks go to school with blacks, whites with whites. Worse, as far as the Department is concerned, white children study under white teachers, black children under blacks. Last week the Department warned the city that unless it takes steps to break up its "segregated pattern of faculty assignments" within two weeks, it will ask the courts to impose an integrated system.

Of Chicago's 3,585,000 population, 1,136,000 are Negroes. Although blacks constitute 34% of the city's 23,000 teachers, they are heavily concentrated in its 255 predominantly Negro schools. Of the more than 600 public schools, only 240 have integrated faculties, 214 have no black teachers at all, 12 have only black teachers. In Chicago's white working-class District 1, where black students make up 9.2% of the high school enrollment, black teachers account for only 1.4% of the faculty. In the Austin section, District 4, where Poles and Irish are gradually being replaced by blacks—who account for 26% of the high-school enrollment—there is only one Negro teacher among more than 100 whites. But in District 13, in the South Side ghetto, 99.9% of high-school students and 80% of their teachers are black.

The city's segregated schools are the result of ghetto housing patterns and fierce white resistance to school busing. Faculty segregation is perpetuated by a powerful teachers' union and the ever-present threat of a strike if its resistance to mixed faculties is flouted. The union contract allows "regularly certified" teachers, who are generally also more experienced, great latitude in choosing the schools in which they will teach. Most senior teachers, who are mainly white, exercise this contractual right to seek transfers to schools in white areas, which means that less experienced and black teachers are assigned to pre-

dominantly Negro districts. It also means long waiting lists for assignment to desirable white schools. The waiting list for transfer to the 31-teacher Mount Greenwood School, in the white southwestern section of Chicago, is 107 names long; some names have been on the list for seven years.

No one in Chicago has worked harder to break the city's pattern of segregation than General Schools Superintendent James Redmond. He has appointed a black deputy superintendent, Manford Byrd Jr., whom he is grooming as his successor, and recently named a black district superintendent and a black principal to serve in nearly all-white areas. But most of Redmond's more ambitious plans have run into solid opposition from white parents and teachers alike. His attempts to promote pupil integration by busing were beaten down by a coalition of militant Polish and Irish voters. Efforts to achieve greater faculty integration by changing the teacher-assignment system ran into strong opposition from the teachers themselves, many of whom are frankly terrified at the prospect of working in violence-plagued ghettos. Redmond's policy collapsed when Mayor Richard Daley—who in 1965 thawed the HEW-imposed freeze on federal funds to Chicago schools with a call to Lyndon Johnson—threw his support behind the teachers' union.

Despite Redmond's patent good will, there seems to be no chance that the threatened lawsuit can be averted. Redmond is already faced with the prospect of cutting faculty strength by 7,000 teachers and reducing services because of the city's inability to meet the cost of a Daley-dictated contract. Now he must also contend with an obdurate union, whose president, John Desmond, has custom, state law and the public on his side and has vowed to defend the seniority system in court.

THE WAR

Joy in Seattle

It rained on their parade, but for the 814 men of the 9th Division's 3rd Battalion, 60th Infantry, it was Christmas, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July combined. Each man had served at least ten months in Viet Nam, and theirs was the first unit to be shipped home since President Nixon's June 8 announcement at Midway that 25,000 U.S. troops would be withdrawn this summer. Last week they flew in nine C-141 Starliner transports to McChord Air Force Base in Washington. As bystanders clapped and called out "Thank you! Thank you!" they paraded proudly through downtown Seattle, their jungle green battle dress stained dark by a pelting rainstorm. Said one exuberant captain: "We would have marched in snow."

Flags waved, ticker tape showered down on the troopers, and pretty girls pressed red roses into the men's hands. At the end of the parade route, near the Seattle Public Library, a group of antiwar protesters made V signs of peace and chanted: "Bring 'em all back!" For some of the soldiers, it was the first face-to-face contact with peace demonstrators. "It really made the men mad," said Sergeant Rick Spellman. "You read about it, but you have no idea of what it's really like until you see it."

Plastic Leis. Just before leaving Viet Nam, the 3rd Battalion stood through an elaborate three-hour send-off ceremony on the baking tarmac at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airbase. A gaggle of *ao dai*-clad Vietnamese girls pranced

out to drape them with plastic leis and give each of the departing troops the country's yellow and red flag with a two-toot pedestal. Defense Minister Nguyen Van Vy spoke his gratitude at length — in Vietnamese, later translated. The U.S. commander, General Creighton Abrams, offered his congratulations: "You have fought well under some of the most arduous and unusual combat conditions ever experienced by American soldiers. You are a credit to your generation."

In a whirl of flapping helicopter blades, South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu arrived at the last minute to add his own farewells. "The fact that the South Vietnamese army can now start to replace U.S. troops constitutes both your success and our success," said Thieu in English. "I convey to you all the heartfelt gratitude of the free Vietnamese." Then, at last, the battalion wheeled to the left and marched across the runway to board the waiting airplanes. Said a Bravo Company platoon sergeant: "I don't think anybody is going to believe it until they get back. You ain't never lucky until you leave this place."

The first detachments of Marines also got lucky last week. In the midst of a drenching typhoon, 200 men of the 9th Marine Regiment arrived at a staging area in Quang Tri, just south of the Demilitarized Zone, en route to Danang and Hawaii. On the way they stopped to pass out candy and toys to village children; one baffled Vietnamese boy got a pair of ice skates. A battalion of the 9th Marines is also scheduled to sail this week from Danang for redeployment in Okinawa.

Where the Men Are

Of the 1,000,000-odd American servicemen stationed abroad, more than half (538,500) are in Viet Nam. Last week President Nixon ordered 14,900 back home from other overseas bases, or 1.5% of the total. Apart from Viet Nam, these are the heaviest troop concentrations:

West Germany, including West Berlin	228,000
Western Pacific (afloat and ashore, including 35,000 Navy men on station off Viet Nam)	97,000
South Korea	55,000
Thailand	47,000
Okinawa	45,000
Eastern Pacific (afloat)	43,000
Japan	40,000
Philippines	39,000
Mediterranean (afloat and ashore)	28,000
Britain	22,000
Atlantic (afloat)	20,000
Latin America (including Guantanamo Bay and Panama Canal Zone)	16,000
Canada, Greenland and Iceland	10,000
Spain	10,000
Turkey	10,000
Middle East and Africa	10,000
Taiwan	10,000

Motion in Saigon, Deadlock in Paris

For those who have least hope of leaving the war behind—the South Vietnamese—there was no respite from the fighting at home or the interminable diplomatic tencing abroad. Nonetheless, President Thieu finally acted last week to resolve one of the major sticking points in the Paris negotiations. The issue was whether the Communists should be permitted to participate in national elections, which they are specifically prohibited from doing under South Vietnam's constitution.

Actually, Thieu's move had been discounted in advance. He had hinted at it before, and a month ago President Nixon let it be known that Thieu "will be making an offer of his own with regard to a political settlement." The U.S. urged Thieu to act before Apollo 11's voyage to the moon dominates headlines around the world.

Tactical Point. Backing down from his insistence in April that members of the National Liberation Front would have to forswear Communism and lay down their arms before they would be allowed to vote, Thieu now stipulated only that the N.L.F. "renounce violence and pledge themselves to accept the results of the election." He promised that his government would also abide by the outcome and offered to meet with the N.L.F. for discussion of "the timetable and the modalities under which the elections will be held." Thieu did not specify which offices might be contested or how the voting would be supervised, but he invited "all political parties and groups," including the N.L.F., to take part in overseeing the elections.

The Communists have insisted that any elections held while the Thieu gov-



TROOPS WITHDRAWN FROM VIET NAM
Home again to plaudits and protest.

ernment is in power would inevitably be rigged against them. In Paris, North Viet Nam's chief political strategist, Le Duc Tho, rejected Thieu's proposal even before it was formally offered. Nonetheless, South Viet Nam's President probably feels that he has scored a tactical point and left the ball in the Communist court for the time being.

Cinnamon? At the Paris conference table there were only new exchanges of invective. Hanoi and the N.L.F. repeated their demands for unconditional withdrawal of all U.S. and "satellite" troops in South Viet Nam, which the U.S.'s Henry Cabot Lodge bluntly rejected. But there was at least a rare moment of light relief. Thanh Le, the chief Hanoi spokesman, complained at a press briefing that Thieu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky want to keep U.S. troops in South Viet Nam so that they can continue to get rich on traffic in opium and cinnamon. **Cinnamon?** "Ah," Le explained, "South Viet Nam's cinnamon is the finest in the world, and when mixed properly is a powerful aphrodisiac. It is much in demand." It was the first appearance of sex in 14 months of negotiations.

THE SENATE

Toward Compromise on ABM?

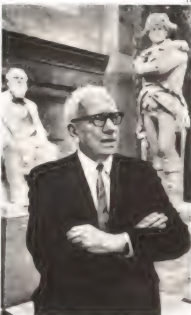
The bill before the Senate was S.2546, "authorizing appropriations for fiscal year 1970 for military procurement, research and development." The total amount involved was more than \$20 billion, but only a fraction of that sum was at issue right now: \$759.1 million for the first steps in deployment of the Nixon Administration's Safeguard anti-ballistic-missile defense system. After months of inconclusive hearings and angry debate, and publication of a spate of weighty books on ABM by civilian defense scholars,* the Senate settled in for its toughest fight over a military bill in memory.

Each side was claiming victory, but only by the narrowest of margins; neither advocates nor opponents were confident of success. Leading for the ABM's supporters was Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, a respected Senate leader and military-oriented chairman of its Committee on Armed Services. The opposition leadership, more diffuse, fell to two men as widely esteemed within the Senate as Stennis: Republican John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and Democrat Philip Hart of Michigan. Senator Edward Kennedy, originally among ABM's most vocal critics, was persuaded to mute his opposition in order not to of-

fend colleagues jealous of the publicity he attracts.

\$17.09 Campaign. Cooper and Hart argued in favor of continuing ABM research, but opposed any appropriations for actual hardware and weaponry. New Hampshire Democrat Thomas McIntyre put in an amendment allowing deployment of radar and electronic gear at the first two proposed ABM sites in North Dakota and Montana. However, the McIntyre plan would ban manufacture or installation of the actual Spartan and Sprint ABM missiles for at least a year.

President Nixon encouraged liberal Republican Senators opposing ABM to "vote your consciences." Despite the close division in the Senate, Nixon and



VERMONT'S AIKEN

Victory would show weakness.

Defense Secretary Melvin Laird have consistently refused to offer or accept any compromise, insisting that the nation cannot afford to lose time in constructing missiles at the two initial sites. ABM expenditure for research and development would pass the Senate easily; few of those who object to voting deployment money now would oppose further R. & D. work on the complex system. But the Administration wants funds for missile installation included, partly as a bargaining counter in the strategic arms-limitation talks it hopes to begin with the Soviet Union next month.

It was on just that point that the issue turned last week. Capitol Hill was fogged in speculation about which ABM opponents might waver if the Administration started twisting arms. McIntyre himself would be badly hurt if the Defense Department decided to close down the Portsmouth Naval Base, an important employer in his constituency. But the key man, one of the few Senators un-

committed as debate began, was Vermont's venerable George Aiken, 76, dean of Senate Republicans and a man singularly invulnerable to pressure. (The total cost of Aiken's 1968 primary campaign was \$17.09 for postage; he was unopposed in the November election.) Said one anti-ABM strategist: "If we don't get Aiken, we don't win."

Like 20 Touchdowns. Aiken's closest friend is Democrat Mike Mansfield of Montana, the Senate majority leader, with whom he breakfasts at the Capitol daily. In their morning chats, Mansfield observed that if, as seemed likely, ABM squeaked through the Senate by a hair-breadth, the U.S. would be harmed rather than helped in arms negotiations with the Russians. Said Mansfield: "It would be a positive weakness. It would show a deep divisiveness in the country. It would be a Pyrrhic victory."

When Aiken took the floor last week, he echoed that thought. Carefully avoiding the word "compromise," Aiken said: "This pending legislation must be modified to the extent that a strong approval of this Senate will be obtained." If the U.S. starts discussing arms limitation with the Soviets, he argued, "even though the legislation as written could be approved by as many as 51 or 52 votes in this Senate, which I doubt, we would be in an extremely weak bargaining position." Aiken added: "I believe it is absolutely necessary for President Nixon to have a much larger number of votes in this Senate supporting him when we enter into such a conference."

Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, who admits that he is no military expert, scoffed at the Aiken-Mansfield argument. "If you win by one point," he said, "it's as good as 20 touchdowns." While all but four or five Senators are dug into positions as hard as the ICBM sites the ABM is supposed to protect, anything can happen in the week or more remaining before S.2546 comes to a vote. Still, Aiken, who had conferred privately with the President on the issue, gave a clear signal that the Administration was about ready to settle for a compromise—or "modification"—of its original proposal.

POLITICAL NOTES

Chairman Daley's Maxims

Gentlemen, get the thing straight once and for all—the policeman isn't there to create disorder, the policeman is there to preserve disorder.

Only one American politician could have said it: Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, who committed that memorable malapropism while defending police misconduct during last year's Democratic Convention. Taking a leaf from Chairman Mao, Pocket Books has published *Quotations from Mayor Daley*—a bouquet of bluster, sanctimony and lost battles with the English language. Excerpts: ▶ On his political apparatus: "Organi-

* The latest entry, *Why ABM?* emerged last week from the Hudson Institute slunk tank of Herman Kahn (*On Thermonuclear War*). The fat pro-ABM volume drew a charge by Senator Edward Kennedy, sponsor of the critical *ABM: An Evaluation*, that it was biased because the Hudson Institute is partly supported by Pentagon funds. *Safeguard: Why the ABM Makes Sense* is due in August from Hawthorn Books, which is headed by W. Clement Stone, a large Nixon campaign contributor.

zation, not machine. Get that. Organization, not machine."

► On tampering with election results: "We have never held back returns in Chicago."

► Why Hubert Humphrey lost Illinois: "He didn't get enough votes."

► On Republican denunciations of a 1960 police scandal: "Just say Daley laughed."

► On municipal government's fallibility: "Look at our Lord's disciples. One denied him, one doubted him, one betrayed him. If our Lord couldn't have perfection, how are you going to have it in city government?"

► To a press conference: "We have had a lot of dishonest newspapermen in this town. We still have. I could spit on some from here."

► On law and order: "I would assume any [police] superintendent would issue orders to shoot any arsonists on sight." (April 15, 1968) "There wasn't any shoot-to-kill order. That was a fabrication." (April 17, 1968)

► On Viet Nam doves: "Everyone is entitled to his position, but we need unity as well as division. Dissent is one thing but division is another."

► On an unacceptable argument: "That is unreasonable reasoning."

► On false accusations: "That isn't even true enough to answer." (1960) "I resent the insinuations." (1965)

► To a civic gathering: "Ladies and gentlemen of the League of Women Voters..."

► On the marvels of science: "It is amazing what they will be able to do once they get the atom harassed."

► On the fortunes of politics: "They have vilified me, they have crucified me, yes, they have even criticized me."

► On the Daley image: "I'm not better than anybody else. I don't want to look like a fellow who tells other people what to do."

► *Excellor*: "Together we must rise to ever higher and higher platitudes."

RACES

Not Doing You Like You Done Us

Among his first official acts, the new mayor of Fayette, Miss., repealed the Delta town's segregationist ordinances. Mayor Charles Evers, 46, the first black mayor of a racially mixed Mississippi town since Reconstruction, had no trouble getting the bill through the town council. All five of its members are black, voted into office on Evers' coattails.

Fulfilling his campaign promise of a biracial government, Evers searched for whites to help fill a few vacant positions. Every white official save the fire chief had quit rather than serve under a black administration, though Evers was able to enlist a white policeman. Mostly, the town's whites, who account for one-third of Fayette's 1,600 citizens, grimly ignored the new regime. Says Marie Farr Walker, editor of the weekly *Fayette Chronicle*: "People do a lot of talking among themselves, but that's about all."

White Brothers. During his inaugural address to a crowd of 2,000, Evers spelled out his own attitude toward the whites. "However you may feel about our white brothers," he said, "we got to understand one thing: he just doesn't know any better. We're not going to do you like you done us, white folks. We just gonna make damn sure you don't do us no more."

Even the whites had to admit that the black government was bringing a new vitality to the sleepy town. A city cleanup campaign was immediately launched, particularly in neglected black neighborhoods. Evers also made it clear that he was going to be a law-and-order mayor. Among his responsibilities is to serve as police justice, which gives clout to Evers' inaugural promise that there would be "no more clownin' and cursin' and disrespectin' people in the streets." Last week he fined a white from Louisiana \$25 for reckless driv-

ing; a local black paid \$150 and served five days for "exhibiting a deadly weapon in a threatening manner."

Guns were, however, very much in evidence at Evers' inauguration. At the inaugural hall in nearby Natchez—apparently the first integrated dance in that city's history—black deputies were joined by FBI agents, local police and firemen, while two National Guard units were on alert. As it turned out, the only excesses in Natchez that night were the profits of local bars, which saw only one color in the Evers celebration—green.

Well Connected. Indeed, Evers brought overnight fame to the area. Messages of congratulation came from President Nixon, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, Eugene McCarthy and many other national figures. Though he could not be there himself, New York Governor Rockefeller provided a jet to carry Evers' admirers southward. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark came. So did Civil Rights Leaders Whitney Young and Julian Bond, and a delegation of film and TV stars. Leontyne Price was on hand to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

The turnout was a reminder to Fayette's white citizens that Evers is in an unusual position to bring new employers to the job-starved area. An effective civil rights leader for many years, he is well connected in Washington and with Northern liberal businessmen. Evers' predecessor attracted no federal aid and spent only \$16.90 in 1968 to lure industry. By contrast, Evers has already raised \$80,000 (of \$110,000) to lay the necessary groundwork to accommodate a textile plant with an initial payroll of \$250,000. He also counts as "almost certain" a cannery and a plastics plant.

Meanwhile, Evers will have to find some way to run the town. The previous administration, he discovered on taking office, had overspent its budget, leaving Fayette to exist out of pocket through September.

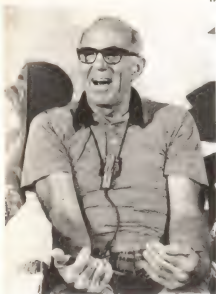


MAYOR CHARLES EVERS



DANCERS AT THE INAUGURAL IN FAYETTE, MISS.

The only color that really counts may be green.



SPOCK
Only on a technicality.

TRIALS

Dissent and Dr. Spock

For the nation's antiwar and antidraft protesters, the decision rendered last week in Boston by the U.S. First Circuit Court of Appeals was a less than resounding victory. True, the court overturned the year-old convictions of Dr. Benjamin Spock and Harvard Graduate Student Michael Ferber on charges that they conspired to aid, abet and counsel draft registrants to violate the Selective Service law. Author Mitchell Goodman and Yale Chaplain the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, who were convicted on the same conspiracy charges, were granted retrials. From the dissenters' viewpoint, however, the cases had been won for entirely the wrong reasons. Their right to unrestrained dissent was not reaffirmed.

The protesters had hoped the court would throw the conspiracy charges out on the grounds that they violated the First Amendment's guarantees of free speech. Arthur J. Goldberg, former Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, based his argument against the convictions on this principle. He contended that the Government's attempt to prove "conspiracy" against the four protesters was based on public, not secret, expressions of dissent against the draft and the war. "The First Amendment," argued Goldberg, "prohibits convictions on any such basis."

Case Not Proved. The majority opinion of the Court of Appeals disagreed. Conspiracy, said the court, does not always require secrecy. "The First Amendment does not, per se, require acquittal." The court agreed with the protesters that "vigorous criticism" of the draft and the war, even if its effect is to interfere with the war effort, constitutes free speech and is protected by the First Amendment. However, the

court also contended that when dissenters go past verbal criticism and become parties to specific illegal acts, they then become liable to prosecution under conspiracy laws.

Spock and Ferber were acquitted because the Appeals Court ruled that the Government had simply not proved its case of conspiracy against them. Goodman and Coffin were granted retrials on a legal technicality. But the First Amendment was held to be no bar to their prosecution for conspiracy.

CELEBRITIES

The Enemy Within

If no man is a hero to his valet, no woman—not even one of the most elegant First Ladies in American history—is a heroine to her secretary. This month, as Jacqueline Kennedy turns 40, her public face has acquired a few wrinkles from a sensational book by Mary Barelli Gallagher, Jackie's former personal secretary.

The first installment of *My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy* appeared in the July *Ladies' Home Journal* and caused an immediate furor. Based on Jackie's private memos, letters and financial records, it pictures the Queen of Camelot as vain, petty, self-indulgent, ill-tempered and neglectful of her husband. According to Mrs. Gallagher, Jackie spent \$40,000 in one year for clothes but tried to economize by serving White House guests leftover drinks, hoarding gifts of food customarily turned over to charities and selling her used clothes. She spent her mornings abed while J.F.K. breakfasted alone, and threw a tantrum when Mrs. Gallagher asked for a raise in her \$4,830 salary.

The *Journal* article immediately became an obsessive topic in Washington. Jackie was abroad and Mrs. Gallagher, an attractive mother of two in her mid-40s, quickly went into hiding with her husband, a retired colonel who now sells insurance. Meanwhile, controversy swirls over Mrs. Gallagher's tactics and motives.

Nauseating. Certainly money was a major reason for Mrs. Gallagher's venture; her husband recently boasted of plans to add a room to their modest house "after we get some loot." Few, however, could understand why she was quite so vindictive. One friend of the author discounts a story that Mrs. Gallagher was smarting over a dressing down, and maintains that she adored J.F.K. and resented Jackie's self-indulgence and seeming lack of concern for the President.

One motive, suggested by another of Jackie's White House staffers, was that Mrs. Gallagher had never been accepted as a key member of the staff or as a close friend of Jackie's, and resented it. As that staff member put it: "All this nauseating stuff she writes about Jackie putting her arm around Mary's shoulder—Jackie was never like that." One theory holds that Mrs. Gallagher decided to tell all after Jackie married Aristotle



GALLAGHER
Why so vindictive?

Onassis last fall. But *TIME* Washington Correspondent Bonnie Angelo reports that Mary Gallagher was looking for a ghostwriter more than two years ago. Air Force Brigadier General C. J. Mara, the Gallagher's neighbor, offered Washington Freelancer Angele Gingsras \$350 to look over the material.

Miss Gingsras wrote some sample chapters but quail, evidently because Mrs. Gallagher found her too sympathetic to Jackie. She was replaced by Frances Spatz Leighton. According to press reports, Mrs. Leighton sent a memo to a New York literary agent last November, calling the Gallagher information "the hottest property currently in the U.S.A. and possibly the world." She added confidently: "You needn't waste your time with any publisher who doesn't see this as earning several millions."

Few acquaintances of Jackie's would quibble with the general thrust of *My Life*. Her acquisitive bent was well known, and since John Kennedy's death she has spent much time shopping, partying, lunching at chic restaurants and roaming the world in search of pleasure. But the Gallagher article was overdrawn and one-sided. "There isn't a secretary in the world who couldn't do this to her boss," complains one of the old Kennedy inner circle. The problem is finally whether or not to betray good taste and personal ethics, especially since Mrs. Gallagher signed a routine pledge to maintain secrecy about her White House days. "Mary never had much of a sense of history," said her husband, explaining that otherwise she would have kept a lot more White House memorabilia. To her former employer, it must seem that Mrs. Gallagher's sense of history was all too keen. In any event, the lesson for men and women of Jackie's eminence is quite clear. Never write memos. Never keep accounts. And above all, never haul out a secretary.

MOON SUPPLEMENT

A NEW

MAN's eternal quest for the new and the unknown has led him to the highest mountains and the deepest ocean trenches, the most impenetrable jungles and the most forbidding deserts. This week it promises to lead him across the vacuum of space to another world. At Cape Kennedy, a 363-ft. moon rocket stood ready to launch three American astronauts on man's first attempt to set foot on the surface of another celestial body. If the bold attempt is successful, the journey will be remembered as long as the human race endures. It will open a new age of exploration, one that may ultimately reach to the outer limits of the solar system and even to the stars beyond.

Up to the last moment, it was possible that the failure of a single tiny device among the 15 million individual parts of Apollo 11 might cause delay on the pad or more serious consequences in space. Up to the last moment, too, complaints were being voiced about misspent money and misguided motives. But not even the skeptics could ignore or entirely downgrade so transcendent an event—one of those shining moments in history when man rises above himself toward greatness.

Forbidding Enough

Like Christopher Columbus and the other explorers who set out in search of new worlds, the Apollo 11 astronauts face experiences never before encountered by men. They are cool, pragmatic technicians, superbly trained for their flight and thoroughly familiar with their spacecraft. But they will be attempting the first descent to the moon, the first exploration of its surface, the first lift-off back into space. It is not unlikely, then, that beneath their composed exteriors, they share some of the doubts and even fears felt by their predecessors.

Spanish-born Historian and Philosopher Salvador de Madariaga, who has written extensively about the voyages of Columbus, addressed himself at TIME's request to the deeper meaning of explorations, past and present.

"From the very first days, when man sought to master the unknown by finding out what the valley next to his was like, until today, when the unknown is the solar system, man has had to conquer the fear of the dangers which the unknown conceals not only as they are but as he fancies them," writes De Madariaga. "The companions of Bartholomew Diaz had to conquer the fear that the ocean at and beyond the equator might boil or drop into a cosmic precipice; the companions of Columbus feared griffins, sirens, men with tails or with their heads sewed to their navels. Our astronauts' imagination is more disciplined by knowledge, but even in our day, when fancy and imagination have been disposed of, what remains is forbidding enough. Yet man is not daunted. These undaunted men are the true creators of history, those thanks to whom history is not a blind chain of facts but a clear-sighted sequence of acts—events that were ideas before they happened. It is from men who act on nature, and do not merely suffer to be acted upon by her, that history flows."

A Better Launching Pad

If there are similarities between the mission of Apollo 11 and other historical ventures of exploration and discovery, there are also vast differences. When Columbus landed in the New World, he had a handful of bewildered Indians for an audience, and Queen Isabella did not get the news until six months afterward. In more recent times, the world did not learn of the arrival of Peary's lonely band at the North Pole in 1909 until five months after the event. Yet when—and if—the first astronaut sets foot on the moon, he will be observed by a worldwide audience numbering hundreds of millions. Even more remarkable, only 1.3 seconds, the time it takes for radio waves to travel between moon and earth, will elapse between the actual event and its appearance on television screens.

ASTRONAUT ARMSTRONG WITH LUNAR MODULE

WORLD

The vehicles that will take Astronauts Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin and Michael Collins on their epic journey have been aptly named. The lunar module that will land on the moon's surface has been christened *Eagle* because, Armstrong said, it is "representative of the flight and the nation's hope." The command module that will carry the astronauts back to earth has been dubbed *Columbia*, a close approximation of *Columbiad*, the name that Jules Verne gave to his lunar craft in his 1865 novel, *From the Earth to the Moon*. Prophetically, Verne launched *Columbiad* from a site in Florida and brought it down in the Pacific Ocean, where it was picked up by a U.S. naval vessel.

Ideally, the nationality of the first men to land on an extra-terrestrial body should be of negligible importance. But the fact is that it will be seen by many as a specifically American victory in a hard-fought race whose outcome has not always been so clear. After Sputnik, when Soviet space firsts and U.S. space failures were occurring with disheartening regularity, a Soviet official boasted: "The space programs of the United States and the Soviet Union have demonstrated for all the world to see that socialism is a better launching pad than capitalism."

Now, the Soviets seem to be conceding the race to the moon. Congratulations from Russian officials and astronauts have become progressively more cordial after each new U.S. space victory, and Apollo 8 Astronaut Frank Borman received one of the warmest welcomes ever accorded an American during his triumphant tour of Russia. By no means, however, have the Russians dropped out entirely. Just before the scheduled Apollo 11 shot, the Russians launched an unmanned spaceship toward the moon—in an obvious attempt to win some attention away from the U.S. Actually, some U.S. space officials believe that Moscow has decided to leapfrog the moon and head for the planets.

Out of the Cradle

No matter who takes the lead in space, it seems certain that man will continue to move outward in the universe—driven by the same force that once sent him across untracked wastelands and uncharted seas. In past ages, spices and gold tempted man to explore unknown regions, but they were far from the only lures. There was always something else that drew him, something less tangible—a thirst for adventure, for knowledge, and above all, for mastery of his world. The same impulse now compels him to reach for the moon, the planets and the stars beyond. As the Russian space theoretician Konstantin Tsiolkovsky once wrote: "The earth is the cradle of the mind, but you cannot live in a cradle forever."

To be sure, man has done much to despoil his cradle, and at this anguished moment in U.S. history there is some legitimacy to complaints that the billions of dollars being devoted to space might be better spent on earth. The poor cannot be blamed for being indifferent or even bitter when they watch the shining and vastly expensive rocket travel into the sky on a mission that does not improve their immediate future. The prophets who denounce ugliness and injustice on earth similarly have a case against the space program. But the case is shortsighted. For the ultimate benefits of space exploration, as of the earlier journeys of discovery, lie in what man discovers about himself and how he changes his own life. The discovery of the new world of America totally altered Europe; so the discovery of the new world of space may change modern civilization and provide what De Madariaga calls a new light "so that our supreme aim may become clearer: the intelligent organization of life on the planet."

Sooner rather than later, man will have to take heed of that supreme aim, and begin devoting immense energy and resources to solving the increasingly complex problems he has created on his own planet. This week, however, he can be pardoned if his eye is on the heavens, not the earth.

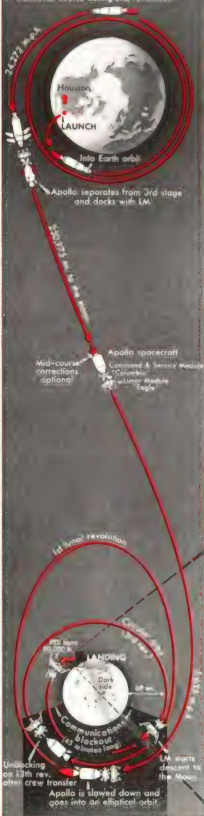


CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ABOARD THE "SANTA MARIA"

TO THE MOON

LAUNCH: 9:32 A.M., E.D.T., JULY 16

Saturn's 3rd stage fires Apollo onto trans-lunar course during 2nd revolution.



FLIGHT PLAN

FOR the first four days of their climactic mission, Astronauts Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins will follow closely the space route taken by Apollo 10 in May. Until the lunar module swoops to within 50,000 ft. of the moon, the Apollo 11 crew will face familiar challenges and risks. A minor malfunction could turn the flight into a simple earth-orbital mission or a quick loop around the moon. A more calamitous equipment failure could cause Apollo 11 to crash into the moon or leave the craft stranded in lunar orbit. But from the moment that Houston radios, "We are go for PDI [powered descent initiation]," Armstrong and Aldrin will be blazing a new trail. They will have begun man's first descent to the surface of another celestial body.

Tracking landmarks through the front windows of the lunar module (LM) as it flies face down, the astronauts will fire their descent engine when the craft is 50,000 ft. above the moon and 300 miles east of the planned landing site in the Sea of Tranquility. Its forward velocity slowed by the blasting engine, the LM will begin dropping closer to the lunar surface. At 39,250 ft., the craft will begin rolling into a face-up position, pitching into an upright attitude at the same time. Twelve minutes later, its rate of fall slowed from 5,660 ft. per sec. to between 3.1 p.s. and 5.1 p.s., the LM will touch down. The first contact with lunar soil will be made by 5-ft. probes dangling from the LM's footpads. When the probes brush the surface, two lights the size of half-dollars will begin flashing in the LM under the white-lettered words, "lunar contact," and Armstrong will cut off the engine. The LM will then drop the last few feet to the surface, touching down at 4:19 p.m. (E.D.T.) on Sunday.

At this point, Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin will hastily check out the LM for any damage suffered in the landing. Should they discover any serious problems, such as leaking fuel or falling pressure in the cabin, they will abort the mission, blasting off immediately to rejoin Collins in the orbiting command module. If all is well, they will have a brief snack, sleep for four hours and eat a leisurely dinner. Only then will they struggle into their bulky space suits, visored helmets, boots and gloves. With their Portable Life Support System (PLSS) backpacks, which supply air conditioning and enough oxygen for four hours, each will be encased in 183 lbs. of equipment. But under weak lunar gravity (one-sixth the earth's), the total weight of each fully burdened astronaut will be only about 60 lbs.

Left Foot Forward

Some ten hours after the landing, Armstrong will begin EVA (extra-vehicular activity), backing feet-first out of the hatch, on his belly. On the LM's "porch," he will pull a ring that opens a storage area and exposes a mounted TV camera, which will relay to audiences on earth a view of his awkward progress down the LM's ladder. At the bottom, Armstrong will place his right foot in the bowl-shaped footpad and—by 2:22 a.m. Monday, if he is on schedule—plant his left foot firmly on lunar soil.

Armstrong will first test his ability to walk and maneuver in his bulky suit. Immediately after, he will scoop up some lunar material in a sample bag at the end of a long, telescoping handle and place the bag in his pant-leg pocket. Thus, even if the mission had to be aborted at that moment, Apollo 11 could

LUNAR LANDING



MEN ON



4:19 P.M., JULY 20

EVA: 2:12 A.M., JULY 21

OF APOLLO 11

RETURN TO EARTH

SPLASHDOWN: 12:51 P.M., JULY 24

bring at least some moon material back to earth.

About 25 minutes after Armstrong emerges from the LM hatch, Astronaut Aldrin will pass an electrically powered Hasselblad still camera down a nylon conveyor (similar to a clothesline on pulleys), and then back down the ladder himself. The astronauts will move next to the opened storage area, called MESA, for Modularized Equipment Storage Assembly. Armstrong will detach the TV camera and place it on a stand about 30 ft. from the LM to provide a panoramic view of the surface activities. While Aldrin is setting up a solar wind experiment, consisting of a 1-ft. by 4-ft. aluminum-foil strip designed to capture particles streaming in from the sun, Armstrong will scoop up another 60 lbs. of lunar rocks and soil and place them in an aluminum sample box.

From an equipment bay on the other side of the LM, the busy spacemen will remove FASEP (for Early Apollo Scientific Experiments Payload). They will set up one part of the package—a laser-beam reflector—some 70 ft. from the LM. The other experiment, a seismometer for measuring moonquakes and meteor impacts, will be placed 10 ft. farther away. Both will be left on the moon for the benefit of earthbound scientists (see following section).

Exploring the area within 100 ft. of the LM, Aldrin will scoop up scientifically interesting rocks, while Armstrong photographs each site and takes notes about the specimens. Armstrong will also thrust a core sampler as far as 12 in. into the soil to collect subsurface samples uncontaminated by the exhaust from the LM's descent engine. Up to 60 lbs. of documented rocks will then be placed in a second aluminum sam-

ple box, along with core samples and the aluminum solar particle collector, and sealed.

Before they depart, the astronauts will leave behind three items of symbolic import: a 3-ft. by 5-ft. U.S. flag stiffened with thin wire so that it will appear to be flying on the windless surface of the moon; a silicon disk bearing good-will messages for posterity from world leaders, including President Tito, Pope Paul and Queen Elizabeth; and a metal plaque bearing the names not only of the three astronauts, but also of President Richard M. Nixon, a fact that has stirred some criticism.

Four-Legged Launch Pad

After Aldrin has climbed back aboard the LM, Armstrong will send the sample boxes up the nylon conveyor and re-enter the spacecraft, about 24 hours after he first emerged. The astronauts will then toss their PLSS units, overshoes and a camera out of the spacecraft to reduce the possibility of bringing back equipment contaminated by any lunar organisms that might exist.

At 1:55 p.m. Monday, after another 4-hr. sleep period sandwiched between two meals, Armstrong and Aldrin will fire the LM's ascent engine, using the four-legged descent stage as a launch pad. If all goes well, they will rendezvous with Collins and transfer to the command module, taking their precious rocks with them in sealed boxes and leaving the LM in orbit around the moon. From that point on, they will again follow the path of Apollo 10. After firing themselves into an earth-bound trajectory, they will splash down in the Pacific Ocean some 1,160 miles southwest of Hawaii just before 1 p.m. (E.D.T.) on Thursday, July 24, their places in history assured.

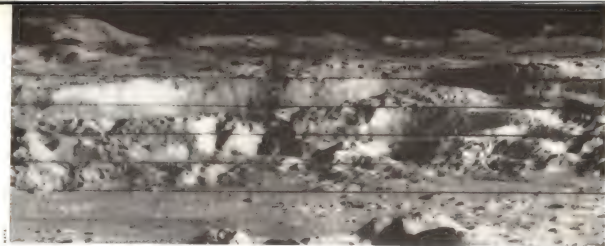


THE MOON



LUNAR LIFT-OFF





THE GREAT CRATER COPERNICUS (CENTER) PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LUNAR ORBITER 2

SECRETS TO BE FOUND

The moon is a Rosetta Stone of the planets.

—Robert Jastrow

UNCORRUPTED by the swirling gases of an atmosphere, unworn by the erosive pounding of wind and water, the moon has its history written plainly on its face. Geologically, its past and its present are as one, and clues to the events of billions of years are strewn across its surface with tantalizing clarity.

In the past five years, man has used the sophisticated instruments of the space age to learn more about the moon than he did during the 360 years that followed Galileo's pioneering look at the lunar surface through a telescope in 1609. Unmanned spacecraft have crashed into the moon, orbited it, measured it, and photographed it from every conceivable angle, giving man his first view of the lunar far side. Ingenious soft-landing spacecraft have dug into its soil and even chemically analyzed it by remote control.

Yet despite the recent heady accomplishments, the major questions about the moon remain unanswered: Where and how did it originate? Was it torn Eve-like from the side of the earth, or did it form separately out of the same primordial dust cloud? Was it a planetary interloper captured by the earth's gravity when it wandered too close, or did it coalesce from small asteroids in orbit around the ancient earth? Did it ever have an atmosphere? water? life?

Now, after centuries of wondering and theorizing, man is on the threshold of knowing. On the lunar surface, he may at last learn the secrets not only of the moon and its birth but also of the beginnings of his own planet and of the solar system itself.

The Apollo 11 manned landing will begin returning scientific dividends as soon as Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin start to explore the lunar surface. Both are competent amateur geologists. They have had more than 120 hours

of instruction from NASA geologists, and they have practiced collecting rock and soil samples in lunarlike terrain such as the Grand Canyon, California's Medicine Lake highlands, the Arizona meteorite crater, the arctic wastelands of Iceland, and Alaska's Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Even their on-the-spot descriptions of the moon, to be transmitted instantaneously by radio to earth, should be of substantial value.

Other scientific benefits will flow immediately from the instruments that the astronauts will leave behind on the moon. As soon as Astronaut Aldrin sets up a seismometer on the lunar surface, for example, a command radioed from earth will activate it by releasing four suspended weights. In the future, whenever a quake or a meteor disturbs the lunar surface, the seismometer's frame will vibrate, while the suspended weights remain immobile. The seismometer, sensing the relative motion between the frame and the weights, will express it as digital data and transmit it to earth. The instrument is so sensitive that it will even register Astronaut Aldrin's footsteps after he sets it in place and clomps off.

Precise Measuring Rod

The astronauts will also leave behind a laser reflector pointed toward the earth. The reflector actually consists of an array of 100 quartz corner reflectors, so called because they are shaped like the corner of a cube or a room. Each reflector has a valuable characteristic: it will reflect a beam of light directly back to the source. Thus light aimed at the lunar reflector from a laser located in Los Angeles, for instance, will bounce directly back to Los Angeles.

By timing the round trip of the laser beam, scientists will be able to fix the distance between the earth and the moon at any time to within 6 in. of the exact figure. This precise measuring rod should help answer a number of vexing scientific questions. By revealing previously

unmeasurable variations in the orbit of the moon, for example, it should provide a better understanding of the nature of gravity. For if scientists can determine precisely how much the moon's orbit is increasing each year, they may finally be able to confirm—or disprove—the theory that the force of gravity is gradually diminishing.

Using the same distance-measuring technique, with the moon as a reference point, scientists will, during the next several years, also be able to make precise measurements of the wobbling of the earth on its axis. This motion, called Chandler's Wobble, should tend to damp out with the passage of time, but is periodically reinforced by unknown forces—possibly earthquakes. More accurate measurements of the wobble with the aid of the laser reflector might someday lead to a technique for earthquake prediction.

Another terrestrial phenomenon—continental drift—could be confirmed by the lunar laser experiment. Periodically measuring the distance between the moon and lasers beamed from fixed points in Africa and South America, scientists will use triangulation to determine whether the distance between the two continents is gradually increasing.

The astronauts will leave a third item, the solar-wind experiment, on the lunar surface for only two hours or so. Soon after emerging from *Eagle*, they will place on the lunar surface a sheet of aluminum foil suspended from a stand. It will be exposed to the constant stream of particles expelled by the sun and should trap rare gases such as argon, krypton, xenon, neon and helium. Returned to earth in a vacuum box, the captive gases will be analyzed to give scientists new insights into the sun and the "wind" that it blows through the solar system.

Beyond a doubt, however, the most important contribution of Apollo 11 to modern science will be the 100-odd

lbs. of lunar rock and soil scheduled to be brought back by the astronauts. To safeguard this precious cargo, NASA has set up an elaborate system that stretches from the moon across space to Houston's \$15.8 million Lunar Receiving Laboratory (LRL) and to universities and laboratories all over the world. Says LRL Curator Elbert King: "Scientifically, this will be worth more than any other material in history."

Biological Barrier

Elaborate safeguards have been set up to protect the lunar samples from contamination. Should earthly gases and organisms invade the moon rocks before they are thoroughly analyzed, investigators would find it difficult to distinguish between the lunar and terrestrial origins of their samples.

In the safety of their triple-sealed vacuum storage boxes, the lunar samples will be rushed to the LRL even before the Apollo 11 crew members arrive to wait out their 21-day quarantine period. There are "time-critical" tests that must be performed swiftly to detect any gas or radioactivity that the samples may give off; the emissions may decrease or stop soon after the sample is removed from the lunar surface. The samples will be sealed off from the rest of the world by a double biological barrier: 1) a vacuum system and a series of vacuum chambers in which the specimens remain while technicians handle them through insulated "glove ports" or by remote-controlled mechanical arms; and 2) an air-conditioning system that maintains lower air pressure within the LRL than outside so that, if there is a break in the system, air would flow in, keeping lunar matter from leaking out.

The lunar samples will remain under quarantine in the LRL for 45 to 50 days, while 200 NASA scientists and technicians photograph, weigh, catalogue, chip and even burn them. Particles of the samples will be tested on living cells, including those taken from fish and from a human cancer. Other particles will be fed to a variety of earth life, such as Japanese quail, algae, sunflowers, pine seedlings, oysters, white mice and cockroaches—the last chosen because they are one of the hardest insects known to man, having survived as a distinct genus for millions of years. All the organisms involved were painstakingly bred and raised in germ-free conditions. The mice, for example, were born by caesarean section in sterile surgery and raised in a sterile environment.

If the organisms remain healthy and no other evidence of lunar bugs develops by the end of the quarantine period, samples of lunar rocks will be

sent to 142 "principal investigators" at outside universities and laboratories, chiefly in the U.S. "Some of these men have been waiting for such a chance for 40 years," says LRL Director Persa Bell.

Several groups of the eager investigators have been assigned the job of measuring the age of the lunar specimens by radioactive dating methods. By determining the ratio of radioactive elements (say, rubidium and uranium) in a moon sample to the amounts of their products of decay (strontium and lead, respectively), scientists can make a good approximation of its age. Thus, because the Apollo 11 samples will be taken from the surface of the Sea of Tranquility, researchers may well be able to estimate the age of the moon's *maria*, or seas. This, in turn, might settle a longstanding controversy among selenologists: Were the *maria* formed as recently as 100 million years ago, or have they existed nearly as long as the moon itself—billions of years?

Perhaps most intriguing is what the moon may reveal about the earth's murky infancy. The earth was formed some 4.5 billion years ago, but the slow, relentless process of its evolution wiped out all traces of its earliest years; the oldest known terrestrial rocks date back about 3.3 billion years. "What has happened during the missing 1.2 billion years?" wonders Astronomer Robert Jastrow, Director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies in New York. "We do not know; they are a blank page in the history of our planet. If the age of the rocks on the surface of the moon turns out to be 4.5 billion years, we may learn the answer." One of the

most important parts of the answer concerns biogenesis, the beginning of life, which occurred on earth more than three billion years ago.

Some scientists are hoping that unexpected clues in Apollo's samples will lead to new and more satisfying theories about the moon's origin. Complains Astrophysicist Ralph Baldwin: "There is no existing theory that gives a satisfactory explanation of the earth-moon system as we know it." Nobel Laureate Chemist Harold Urey wryly notes that it would be easier to prove that the moon did not exist than to get agreement on how it came to be.

Little Green Bugs

Chemical analysis of the samples may also help determine whether lunar material was ever hot enough to have melted, or whether it has been relatively cool almost from the first. Moon specimens strikingly lacking in volatile elements such as potassium and arsenic could indicate that these substances had been expelled by high temperatures—and would support the theory of a volcanic moon. Those who believe that meteors gave the moon its cratered surface might still argue, however, that the volcanism had occurred only in areas struck—and heated—by huge meteors. Studies of the crystal size and average density of sample rocks will supply other evidence that should go a long way toward proving or disproving the theory that the moon endured an earthlike period of melting, volcanism and slow cooling.

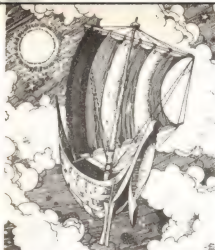
While the geologists, chemists and physicists are busy with their investigations, other scientists will be on an even more exciting quest. Biochemists will be examining the specimens for evidence of amino acids and protein molecules—the building blocks of life. Paleontologists will seek fossil remnants of organisms. At NASA's Ames Research Center at Moffett Field, Calif., still other investigators will try to coax life itself from the lunar rocks, using nutrients in the hope of resuming a life process that might have been interrupted millions of years ago.

In all, investigators will have three months after the quarantine is lifted in which to complete their studies of the material. Soon afterward, there will be a major conference at which papers from all of the participating scientists will be presented. Should there be a major discovery—perhaps even during the preliminary screening of material at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory—NASA is certain to lose no time in announcing the news. "If we find any little green bugs," promises Wilmont Hess, the LRL's science director, "you'll hear about them real quick."



MOON SPECIMEN RECEIVING LAB
Where the past and present are as one.

CAN THE MOON



Dreamed Spacecraft: Transporting men to the moon has never been a problem for poets and visionaries, who have been dreaming about space travel for nearly two millennia. The Syrian satirist Lucian proposed a sailing ship (top), the Persian poet Firdausi a throne borne by eagles (center), the Italian Renaissance poet Ariosto a coach drawn by four red steeds.

LOOKING down at the pitted surface of the moon from a height of 70 miles last December, Apollo 8 Astronaut Frank Borman described it as "vast, lonely and forbidding—a great expanse of nothing." But looks can be deceiving. As desolate as the moon appears, scientists have little doubt that man will soon work, play, and perhaps even prosper on his bleak satellite.

The environment that makes the moon so hostile to terrestrial life is, paradoxically, precisely what makes the moon so potentially valuable. The absence of atmosphere, which exposes any life on the moon to deadly radiation and the inhospitable vacuum of space, also makes the moon an ideal base for observatories and some industries. Meteoroids, which have battered the lunar surface for eons have probably also endowed the moon with immense mineral wealth. Although lunar days and nights are each two weeks long and accompanied by deadly extremes of temperature (ranging from 240 degrees Fahrenheit above zero to 250 below), both the unshielded rays of the sun and the numbing cold of the night can be turned to the advantage of human settlers.

A Leisurely Look

Man's early visits to the moon will be largely taken up with exploration and scientific studies of the lunar substance and structure. But man will not long be able to resist making practical use of his closest celestial neighbor. As soon as they are able, for example, astronomers will be competing to hook passage to the moon. There, freed at last from the obscuring mantle of terrestrial atmosphere, they will immediately get a clearer, more revealing and more leisurely look at the universe around them.

On the atmosphereless moon, optical telescopes can be used continuously; no clouds, air currents or air pollution can impede viewing. Were the giant, 200-in. optical telescope at Mt. Palomar to be duplicated on the lunar surface, for example, it could observe stars that are 10,000 times too faint for it to detect through the earth's atmosphere.

Because the moon rotates on its axis only about one-thirtieth as fast as the earth, stars move slowly across the lunar skies, making it easier to track and photograph them. Because lunar gravity is only one-sixth the earth's, structural distortions caused by the sheer weight of large telescope mirrors and their supports will be dramatically lessened. Some scientists have estimated that telescope mirrors as large as 2,000 in. in diameter (ten times the earth's largest) could be used effectively on the moon.

The moon has equally great advantages for radio telescopes, which in recent years have greatly expanded the

observable universe, locating quasars and discovering pulsars and other strange celestial objects. Not all radio frequencies can penetrate earth's atmosphere; on the lunar surface, radio telescopes will be able to pick up the entire spectrum of these frequencies. Furthermore, by building radio telescopes on the back side of the moon, astronomers will be able to escape completely from the radio interference caused by earth's increasingly electronic civilization. Without the background "noise" to contend with, radio astronomers will be able to detect much fainter radiation from space, perhaps even the weak signals of a distant civilization.

Unsuspected Galaxies

California Institute of Technology Astronomer Fritz Zwicky believes that observations from the moon will quickly yield answers to two major astronomical problems. With telescopes on the moon, scientists can take more definitive spectra from the light of remote stars, and perhaps obtain decisive data about the universal "red shift" of light (caused by the speeding outward of distant galaxies). By precisely measuring the shift—and thus the speed of recession—of these galaxies, scientists should be able to determine whether the universe will continue to expand eternally or eventually stop and then begin contracting. "It could settle once and for all the question of the evolution of our universe," Zwicky says, "and give us some understanding of its large-scale structure." In addition, he notes that with a view of the far infrared range, "we shall not only be able to see down to the central nucleus of the Milky Way system, but we may see right through the Milky Way and observe galaxies about which we are not even aware today."

Scientists acknowledge the obvious difficulties and great costs of transporting large telescopes and other heavy equipment to the moon. To obviate the problem, Rand Corp. Researcher George Koehler suggests actually building a large mirror on the lunar surface, using quartz produced from silica—if it exists on the moon—and giving it a more accurate surface than terrestrial mirrors by shaping it with ion beams (which are effective only in a vacuum) instead of abrasives. Several astronomers have pointed out that round lunar craters lined with chicken wire would make ideal reflectors for radio telescopes similar to the 1,000-ft. Cornell University radio dish, set in a rounded valley near Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

The moon is also a natural, orbiting Cape Kennedy. To blast off, a spacecraft need overcome a pull of gravity only one-sixth as strong as the earth's, and does not have to expend any energy to push through a thick atmosphere,

BE OF ANY EARTHLY USE?

Thus an escape velocity of little more than 5,000 m.p.h. (v. 25,000 m.p.h. from earth) and the use of a relatively small amount of fuel will be sufficient to launch moon rockets toward the earth and more distant planets.

Lunar gravity is relatively so weak, as a matter of fact, that some scientists have suggested launching spacecraft by simply accelerating them with electrical power along a track. Unimpeded by atmospheric friction, the vehicles could accelerate very rapidly, limited only by the maximum gravity that their cargo could withstand. An unmanned craft designed to take a force of 50 G's, for example, could reach escape velocity on a track only four miles long. Manned ships, whose passengers could not be exposed to so high a G-force, would need a track considerably longer.

Near Perfect Vacuum

Manufacturers, too, may eventually find the moon economically irresistible. Anywhere they choose to locate on the 15 million square miles of lunar surface, there is a near perfect vacuum—a condition that is obtained on earth only with thick walls and elaborate pumps, and at great expense. As the need grows for "hard" vacuums in industrial processes on earth, the day may come when certain lightweight, easily transportable items that require a vacuum in their production—electronic tubes, computer components, hearing aids—can be made more economically in lunar factories.

Metallurgical research would also benefit from the moon's vacuum, in which pure metals with maximum densities could be produced. Manufacturers who need elaborately protected "clean rooms" on earth for their production processes would find that the moon itself is a huge clean room, with no atmosphere to circulate dust and other contaminants around assembly areas.

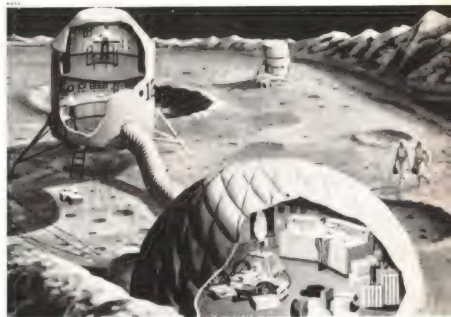
The lunar environment is also ideal for cyclotrons and other devices that accelerate subatomic particles in a vacuum. For the same reason, electron beam-welding—which also requires a high vacuum—would be facilitated on the moon. Another joining process, cold-welding, could become an important part of lunar industry. In a vacuum, two perfectly clean and smooth metal surfaces—uncontaminated by oxides that are formed in the earth's atmosphere—can be welded solidly together without heat and with little pressure.

Even the lunar vacuum itself may some day become a salable commodity. Says *Industrial Research* magazine: "It is conceivable that a simple sealed pressure shell containing literally nothing inside, or an insulated package of a material cooled to -441° F. or lower, with suitable 'vacuum locks,' could be shipped

to earth ports intact—for a price less than evacuation or helium cooling on mother earth."

Valuable as the moon's vacuum may be, there are more palpable treasures. Some scientists, assuming that the moon was created when the earth was, some 4.5 billion years ago, calculate that about 10 trillion tons of meteors have fallen on the lunar surface. From their analysis of the composition of the relatively few meteors that reach the earth's surface (most are burned up by the atmosphere), they estimate that meteors

furnaces could be constructed, consisting of mirrors that focus the sun's fierce beams on a target. Using these, Zwicky suggests, man could work wonders with lunar rock. The furnaces could melt lunar gravel and soil, which could be cast into bricks for building shelters. They could also be used to heat moon rocks enough to release their locked-in water. Even the proverbial pig's squeal could be used. Water vapor steaming out of the heated rocks could drive power turbines before being condensed into drinking water. When lunar water is finally avail-



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF A MOON BASE IN 1975

What makes it so hostile is what makes it so potentially valuable.

have deposited 450 billion tons of iron, 30 billion tons of nickel, 10 billion tons of phosphorus, 9 billion tons of carbon, 6 billion tons of copper and 3 billion tons of cobalt on or near the lunar surface. If their figures are correct, the meteor fall would also have contributed 300 billion tons of carbonaceous chondrites, containing about 30 billion tons of water chemically locked in crystals with other compounds.

These vast resources are important not only for their potential use on earth, but also for their value in making a lunar colony self-sufficient. Although engineers hope eventually to reduce the cost of shipping payloads to the moon by using simple, unsophisticated boosters and flyable stages that can be returned to earth and used again, it now costs \$22,187 per lb. with Saturn 5. The key to tapping lunar resources, Zwicky believes, is energy from the sun, which beats down directly on the moon's surface, unfiltered by atmosphere. Solar

able in ample supply, it could even be used for rocket fuel. Moon technicians will decompose it into hydrogen and oxygen gases by electrolysis, then feed the gases into a lunar cryostat, a device that can reach extremely low temperatures during the chill lunar night without using power. The resulting products would be liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen, familiar space-age fuels.

Zwicky would also produce carbon dioxide by focusing the rays of a solar furnace on rocks containing calcium carbonate. The carbon dioxide would be released into the atmosphere of a covered garden to sustain green algae living in a tank of water. The rapidly reproducing algae would not only be an excellent source of protein for humans on the moon but would also produce vitally needed oxygen as a by-product of photosynthesis.

Astronomer I. M. Levitt, director of the Fels Planetarium of Philadelphia's Franklin Institute, believes that colo-

nizers of the moon will eventually produce their own water, a contained atmosphere, food and other necessities completely from lunar materials. He envisages vegetables grown from seed, rooted in tanks of water in which the necessary lunar minerals have been dissolved. His moon colonies, complete with farm animals and factories, launch pads and lunar surface vehicles, and the comforts of home, would be located underground—in sealed-off caves and domes—to protect inhabitants against meteors, solar radiation and the extremes of lunar temperatures.

Nor would the inhabitants want for luxuries. Levitt believes that virtually anything man—or woman—might desire can be produced on the moon by combining available minerals with a source of energy to produce chemical reactions. One of Levitt's chemical chains, beginning with carbon and calcium, can lead to the manufacture of medicines, plastics, dyes, food additives, rubber, ceramics, even fertilizers and textiles. "Naturally, we're going to insist that the girls go with us to the moon," grins Levitt, "and when we get there we'll be able to make all of their lipsticks, perfumes, nail polishes—you name it."

An advocate of moon colonies for

20 years, Levitt is no mere dreamer. To help prove his point, he has actually built a working model of a solar still. Using four 20-in. mirrors, he focuses sunlight on powdered pitchstone in a glass laboratory tube until its water of crystallization steams off. The steam is then channeled to an adjacent model still, where it is converted to drops of water.

Lunar Vacations

NASA Administrator Thomas Paine is so confident of continued progress in space flight and the establishment of lunar bases that he foresees vacations on the moon within two decades that will cost the affluent thrill seeker as little as \$5,000—round trip. "There is no question," Paine says, "that we can reduce the cost of travel to the moon to the cost of traveling through the air today. The spacecraft we use will be descendants of today's Boeing 707s and Douglas DC-8s, married to today's hydrogen-oxygen rockets."

For the price, the vacationer will enjoy some exhilarating experiences in the weak lunar gravity. On a diving board, for example, he will be able to spring six times as high as on earth. When the splash occurs, it will be a veritable gey-

ser, also six times as high as on earth. Even more remarkable, a visitor to a domed lunar resort will be able to don a pair of wings and flap off like Icarus into the artificial atmosphere, using only muscle power to fly.

Though such notions about the uses of the moon may sound visionary, they are tame alongside some of the really futuristic ideas. A Russian has suggested covering the entire side of the moon that is visible to earth with a reflectant coating to make it a huge thermal power plant. Zwicky theorizes that man may one day actually be able to shrink the moon through nuclear fusion; a smaller, denser moon would have greater gravitational pull, perhaps enough to hold a habitable atmosphere. Levitt speculates that in the distant future the moon may serve as a launching platform for a 1,000,000-ton spaceship (Apollo 11's weight at lift-off, 3,200 tons), an intergalactic Noah's ark that could carry a complete civilization to nearby stars.

Ridiculous? No more so than the visions of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells seemed less than a century ago. Given the remarkable feats already achieved by technology, it would be unwise to bet against almost any possibility.


THE PIONEERS



RUSSIA'S Konstantin Eduardovich Tsiolkovsky (left) never built a rocket, but by 1898 he had worked out the basic principles of rocket dynamics. America's Robert H. Goddard (right) launched the world's first liquid-fuel rocket in 1926 and patented 214 devices and parts, most of them essential to the operation of modern rocket engines. Germany's Hermann Oberth (center) popularized the idea of space travel as a real possibility in his 1923 bestseller *The Rocket into Planetary Space*, and his writing helped inspire Germany to early prominence in the field.

Tsiolkovsky and Goddard are dead. Oberth, now 75 and living quietly near Nürnberg on a meager pension, has mixed feelings now that his lifelong dream is about to come true. "Sometimes I feel like an unmusical person who attends a concert and doesn't really understand what seems to excite everybody," he says. "On other occasions I feel like a mother goose who has hatched a brood and now, somewhat perplexed, watches the flock going off into the water. It is only very rarely that I have the satisfaction that everybody believes I ought to feel."

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THE CREW: MEN APART



ARMSTRONG & FAMILY
Right out of Rockwell.

If they accomplish their mission, the three men assigned to pilot *Columbia* and *Eagle* to the moon will rank with history's most illustrious explorers. Yet each realizes that the privilege—and the peril—of making man's first lunar landing belongs to them only by an unlikely combination of luck and circumstance. Edwin ("Buzz") Aldrin, 39, who will steer the lunar module to the surface of the moon, puts it this way: "We've been given a tremendous responsibility by the twists and turns of fate."

Command Pilot Neil Armstrong, 38, could have missed his destiny as the result of half a dozen close shaves. He crashed his Panther jet behind enemy lines in Korea, but escaped a day later. As a civilian test pilot in 1962, he plummeted uncontrollably toward earth when the rocket engine in his X-15 failed to start, but it caught on just in time. As commander of Gemini 8 in 1966, he had to abort the scheduled three-day flight after ten hours when a short circuit threw the spacecraft's thrusters out of control. Last summer he had to eject from a lunar-landing research vehicle at an altitude of only 100 ft when it spun out of control and crashed.

Buzz Aldrin might not have been an astronaut at all but for his persistence, raw determination—and good fortune. He was turned down when he first applied in 1962. Though he was a veteran fighter pilot (two MIGs destroyed, one damaged in 66 Korean missions for the Air Force), NASA regulations at the time demanded that astronauts be graduate test pilots. The next year, after the regulations had been eased to let in combat pilots with more than

1,000 hours of experience flying jets, Aldrin was accepted.

Michael Collins, 38, owes his couch on the moonship to a bout of bad health. He was to have been a member of the Apollo 8 crew, which made man's first orbits around the moon last Christmas. A paralyzing bone spur in the neck sent Collins to the hospital in June 1968 for a risky operation, however, and Bill Anders took his place. The surgery was a complete success, and Collins was back on full flight status by last November. It was much too late for him to resume his original place with the Apollo 8 crew—but it opened the way for him to join Apollo 11.

Stick and Rudder Men

The members of Apollo 11's crew are seasoned, imperturbable astronauts. Armstrong, known as an inscrutable loner, flew Gemini 8 to the first successful space docking. Aldrin, a hard-driving perfectionist, set the record for space walking (5 hr., 30 min.) during the four-day flight of Gemini 12 in 1966. Collins, the most relaxed and outgoing of the three, helped steer Gemini 10 through complicated rendezvous and docking maneuvers.

As a team, they are remarkably free from quarrels, but they are not close friends. They waste few words on the job, generally talking to each other in technological jargon. Once in a while, Mike Collins cracks a joke. Once in a longer while, Neil Armstrong flashes a fleeting smile. After work, they go their separate ways. It may be true, Aldrin admits, that they have all been somewhat



COLLINS AT HOME
Master of the dry style.

dehumanized by what he calls "the treadmill" of the space program.

Dehumanized or not, the crew fully measures up to Boss Astronaut Donald K. ("Deke") Slayton's tough requirements. "You're really looking for a damn good engineering test pilot," says Slayton. "They've got to be good stick and rudder men, and also real smart." Not many qualify. Of 1,400 applicants for the last batch of astronauts in 1967, only eleven were chosen. There are now only 49 astronauts and, in many ways, all are as precise as the laws of celestial mechanics—and as unforgiving as the machines that hurtle them through space. Says Slayton of his astronauts: "They don't have any technical weaknesses. If they did, we wouldn't have them around."

Like so much else at NASA, the selection of the moon-landing crew seemed totally routine. Indeed, when the crew was selected in January, there was no assurance that Apollo 11 would make the first moon landing. Apollo 10 was then still a candidate for the mission; there was also the distinct possibility that if problems developed, the attempt would be postponed until Apollo 12, 13 or even 14. "There isn't any big magic selection that goes on for each mission," says Slayton, whose crew recommendations have never been overruled. "It is like every squadron of fighter pilots. You've got a mission to do and you've got so many flights to fly and you assign guys to fly them. It's that straightforward."

Command Pilot Armstrong is considered tight-lipped and phlegmatic, even in the notoriously taciturn fraternity of



ALDRIN & WIFE
Blood brothers on the team.

HOW IT WAS MANAGED

WHEN John F. Kennedy committed the U.S. to landing men on the moon before the end of this decade, virtually none of the equipment capable of making the half-million-mile journey existed. Now, eight years later, a great spaceship made of more than 15 million parts is poised for the flight. If Apollo 11 completes its momentous mission, Kennedy's pledge will have been redeemed with five months to spare—a remarkable accomplishment. It is all the more remarkable for the fact that man did not actually enter the space age until twelve years ago, when the Russians launched Sputnik.

The U.S. space program was truly embryonic when Kennedy, on May 25, 1961, set a lunar landing as the nation's goal. Only two months earlier, he had decided to put off a decision on whether to go ahead with the Apollo program. Then came Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin's orbital flight, the first ever made by man. Two days after the Soviet breakthrough, Kennedy convened the nation's top space experts at the White House. "If somebody can just tell me how to catch up," he said. "There is nothing more important."

Neither, it seemed, was there anything more difficult. Before Kennedy made his moon-landing announcement, the nation's entire manned space experience totaled 15 min. 20 sec—the length of Alan Shepard's suborbital fling down the Atlantic test range on May 5, 1961. Rockets had been blowing up on their Cape Canaveral launch pads with humiliating frequency: from 1958 to 1964, the U.S. suffered 13 straight failures in its efforts to send rockets around or onto the moon.

Most discouraging of all was the estimate that more than 10,000 separate tasks would have to be performed before the U.S. could put a man on the moon. James Webb, administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration between 1961 and 1968, compared the problem to "having to take a caterpillar and make it into a butterfly when we had never seen a butterfly."

That the butterfly now exists is, above all, a tribute to superb management techniques. This was the highest and most imaginative Government-industry-university team ever put together for a single project. At its peak in 1966, Apollo involved 400,000 men and women at 120 universities and laboratories and 20,000 industrial firms; its budget for that year alone was \$5.9 billion.

In building the team, NASA all but threw away the rule book. It was clear, for example, that university brains would have to be tapped. But instead of following the usual practice of giving Government scholarships directly to stu-

dents, and allowing the students to shop for berths at a few Ivy League universities, NASA turned the money (\$100 million so far) over to a large number of universities, thus ensuring greater cross-fertilization of ideas.

NASA took a similar tack toward American industry. At the outset, General Electric approached NASA with a proposal that it be awarded a single massive contract covering the entire program. The agency demurred. For one thing, space officials feared that a single contractor might at times decide to manufacture a part or system itself rather than buy it elsewhere. For another, the officials reasoned that a fruitful exchange of technology would occur if many companies were involved. Accordingly, NASA selected 16 prime contractors, who, in turn, have assigned work to tens of thousands of subcontractors. The firms range in size from North American Rockwell, which has 105,000 employees and builds the giant Saturn 5, to the Space Electronics Supply Co. of Melbourne, Fla., a two-man operation that makes fuse holders for Apollo.

When fire killed Astronauts Gus Grissom, Ed White and Roger Chaffee on the launch pad during a routine test in 1967, the trauma rocked the space agency at every level. Work stopped, tempers flared and accusations flew. The attempt to land on the moon was set back at least a year. But the tragedy spurred NASA to tighten up operations and to fashion a mechanism that has performed almost flawlessly ever since.

For every dollar now spent on designing and manufacturing Apollo parts, another dollar is spent testing them. Before an Apollo vehicle is approved for flight, it is tested, probed, checked and rechecked for four months; no fewer than 25,000 pages of procedures cover the painstaking process. "One of the keys to success," says Rocco A. Petrone, 43, director of the Apollo launch operations, "is the quality testing that the program has taken to the nth degree."

Such unrelenting attention to the most microscopic detail carries right through the missions. The astronauts themselves carry 40 lbs. of documents aboard the spacecraft—flight plans, check lists, manuals and so on. While they are aloft, a NASA team keeps track, day and night, of nearly 40,000 key people in the contractor network. Thus, should a tiny valve go awry during a mission, an official at a console in Houston can pick up a telephone at any hour and discuss the problem with the man who designed the part. Says Lieut. General Samuel Phillips, manager of the Apollo program, "We tattoo responsibility on a man's head." Even so, the members of the NASA team have not forgotten how to cross their fingers.

astronauts. "Silence is a Neil Armstrong answer," his wife Janet said in an interview with LIFE. "The word no is an argument." Last spring, he spent two full days with his father and never once bothered to mention that the day after they parted he was going to be officially named as the first man to set foot on the moon. With his sandy hair, innocent blue eyes and boyish smile, he looks as though he has just stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting. More than any other astronaut, Neil Armstrong epitomizes small-town America.

He was born in Wapakoneta, Ohio (pop. 7,500), the son of a career civil servant who is now assistant director of the state's Department of Mental Hygiene and Correction. As a youth, Neil limited his social life mainly to school and church functions; when he went out with a girl it was usually on a double date to the ice-cream parlor. He played baritone horn in the school band. He studied hard, and while his teachers do not remember Armstrong as a particularly brilliant student, he impressed them all with the thorough, meticulous way he went about his work. Says Professor Paul F. Stanley, who taught Neil aerodynamics at Purdue: "He was a Boy Scout [in fact, he made Eagle Scout at 17], and he literally lived up to the motto 'Be Prepared.'"

Faith in Machines

Armstrong first set eyes on an airplane at the age of two, and he made his first flight at six in an old Ford trimotor. As a boy, he was forever assembling model airplanes, and while other youngsters were still scrambling for comic books, he went right for the aeronautical publications when the magazine shipments arrived on the stands. He worked part time in the drugstore (40¢ an hour) and as a grease monkey at the airfield to accumulate the money for flying lessons (\$9 an hour), and earned his pilot's license on his 16th birthday, the first day he was eligible. For a while, he had to bicycle the three miles between Wapakoneta and the field. Neil Armstrong was flying planes before he had a driver's license.

At about the same time, the future astronaut was taking his first close look at the moon through a homemade 8-in. reflector telescope fashioned from a stovepipe and mounted on roller-skate wheels atop a garage. The wondrous device belonged to Jacob Zint, a neighbor of the Armstrongs and a draftsman in the Westinghouse plant. "I can't recall that Neil ever said he wanted to go to the moon," says Zint. But as early as 1946, Armstrong was regularly visiting the makeshift observatory and often, says Zint, "he looked right into the Sea of Tranquility"—the prime site for next week's landing.

After graduating from Wapakoneta High School, Armstrong won a Navy scholarship to Purdue, the alma mater of three other astronauts (Gus Grissom and Roger Chaffee, both of whom died

in the Apollo launch-pad fire of Jan. 27, 1967, and Eugene Cernan, a member of the Apollo 10 crew.) Called to service in Korea at the end of his sophomore year, Armstrong earned a reputation as a hot pilot and three Air Medals in 78 combat missions. Returning to Purdue, he collected his degree in aeronautical engineering, and a wife, the former Janet E. Shearon of Evanston, Ill., who was studying home economics at Purdue when they met. They have two sons, Eric, 12, and Mark, 6.

A Lot of Marbles

Armstrong went to work for NASA as a civilian test pilot for the X-15 rocket plane, which he flew at 3,989 m.p.h. and an altitude of 207,500 ft.—both records at the time. In the early days of the space program, Armstrong had no desire to become an astronaut. Says a close acquaintance, "He thought those guys were playing around with a lot of marbles. After the 'marbles' began lifting other pilots into space, he changed his mind and in 1962 became one of the second group of astronauts to be chosen. As a civilian, he is paid more than any other astronaut (\$30,054 a year, v. Aldrin's \$22,650 as an Air Force colonel and Collins' \$20,400 as an Air Force lieutenant colonel), a fact that has stirred resentment. There are men in the space program, in fact, who detect behind Armstrong's supercool all-American image a rigid character who has more faith in the perfectibility of machines than of people. "He's all scrubbed up on the outside," says a NASA official, "but inside he has nothing but contempt for the rest of mankind that isn't willing to work as hard as he does."

Dr. Charles Berry, the astronauts' flight surgeon, differs. "Neil strikes some people as cold," admits Berry, "but that is partly bashfulness. He is really warm and blushes easily." Yet, says Stanley Butchart, who tested planes with Armstrong and now directs flight operations for NASA at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif., "I think you could know him for a long time and not really know him." A friend who has been in Armstrong's house dozens of times agrees: "For all I know, he could be a secret poet or a secret sadist."

Air Force Colonel Buzz Aldrin, who will guide the lunar module and step onto the moon's surface after Armstrong, is also something of an introvert. His future seems to have been ordained even before his birth in affluent Montclair, N.J. His father, Edwin Sr., was a noted aviator in the 1920s, and is the man who introduced Charles Lindbergh to America's greatest rocket pioneer, Robert Goddard. As a result of the meeting, Lindbergh arranged a \$50,000 Guggenheim grant for Goddard, which allowed the inventor to move to New Mexico to develop the rocketry that would one day carry Aldrin's son to the moon. For what it is worth, the maiden name of Buzz Aldrin's mother was Moon.

WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE

If teamwork and a sense of shared responsibility were crucial factors in the U.S. effort to land men on the moon, so were the contributions made by a number of individuals. By providing the answers to such questions as how to build a big enough booster, what flight plan to follow, and how to guide the spacecraft, these men eliminated obstacles that might have delayed the program indefinitely. Among the men:

► Dr. John C. Houbold, 50, former chief of theoretical mechanics at NASA's Langley Research Laboratories in Hampton, Va. Houbold, a civil engineer, is responsible for the lunar-orbit rendezvous that is the key maneuver in Apollo's entire flight plan. In what he remembers as "an intuitive flash," Houbold realized that tremendous weight

man, has been the driving force behind the moon program.

► Dr. Charles Stark Draper, 67, director of the Instrumentation Laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. To solve the problems of navigation, NASA went straight to the nation's leading authority on inertial guidance. The system devised by Draper for Apollo includes telescopes, a sextant, and a computerized inertial reference "platform" that tells astronauts where they are in space, where they are headed and how fast. But how could they be sure that it would work? The NASA brass wanted to know. "I told them I'd go along and run it myself," recalls Draper. The on-board navigation systems have proved so accurate that, if they had to, the crew of *Columbia*



HOUBOLT



VON BRAUN



DRAPER

savings would be gained by this rendezvous method, permitting the use of a smaller launch vehicle. Often scorned by colleagues, Houbold fought a two-year battle, finally put his job on the line by appealing directly to NASA headquarters. His arguments prevailed in the fall of 1962.

► Dr. Wernher von Braun, 57, director of the Marshall Spaceflight Center in Huntsville, Ala. Transported to the U.S. by American intelligence officials in 1945, along with 126 other German scientists who had been working on the V-2 rocket at the Baltic base of Peenemünde, Von Braun has directed development of rocket-launch vehicles from the earliest Redstone. Von Braun helped develop the ablative heat shield, which dissipates the searing heat of reentry by flaking off in harmless fiery pieces. His Huntsville group can also claim credit for what has become known in the space agency as "cluster's last stand"—the grouping of several smaller rockets in a cluster to provide as much thrust as would a single, far larger rocket engine. Saturn 5's first stage, for example, uses five F-1 engines, each generating 1,500,000 lbs. of thrust. Von Braun, perhaps more than any other

could fly to the moon and back without help from ground controllers.

Other men were almost as indispensable. Maxime A. Faget, director of engineering and development at Houston's Manned Spaceflight Center, designed Apollo's command and service module. Dr. George E. Mueller, NASA's top official for manned spaceflight, introduced a time-saving technique known as "all-up testing," in which all three rocket stages are tested together. Christopher Columbus Kraft, director of flight operations since 1961, and George Low, manager of the Apollo program, brought a sense of cool discipline to the nerve-racking operations in Houston.

Then, too, there is Donald K. ("Deke") Slayton, the man who selects and trains the astronauts. The professionalism of the Apollo crews is a reflection of Slayton's success—but leaves him less than totally fulfilled. Though he was chosen as one of the original seven U.S. astronauts in 1959, a mild heart murmur prevented him from ever venturing into space. When he was asked recently what he would best like to be remembered for, Slayton replied: "As the pilot of Apollo 11." There was no smile on his craggy face.

While Aldrin has always been known as a devoted team player, a quality essential to the success of manned missions, he is also very much his own man. He was, for example, the only astronaut to take part in Houston's Palm Sunday memorial march for Martin Luther King last year, and he did so without asking anybody in NASA for permission. "It was something I wanted to do," he says simply—and he says no more about it. The episode is in keeping with some advice he gave home-town well-wishers in New Jersey a few years ago. "Just so much can be done on a formal team," he said. "A vast amount of preparation for life must be done on an individual basis."

Aldrin is also exceptional among astronauts in being able to claim an important contribution to the theory of space flight. His doctoral dissertation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology dealt with the question of orbital rendezvous. The ground was so new and Aldrin's approach so original that some of his professors had difficulty understanding him. The doctoral committee, according to rumor, accepted his thesis with reservations. NASA had no reservations, and no trouble understanding Aldrin's language. A copy of the thesis found its way to the space agency during the early stages of the Gemini project, and NASA scientists were borrowing ideas from it even before Aldrin had joined the program.

Calculated Risks

A brilliant, almost straight-A student throughout his years in the Montclair public school system, Aldrin went on to West Point, where he finished third in a class of 475. After combat duty in Korea, he was assigned to the U.S. Air Force Academy as aide to the dean of the faculty, then flew fighters in West Germany. He began thinking about joining the space program, but decided that he needed more education. After getting his doctorate from M.I.T. in 1963—46 years after his father had received his bachelor's degree there—Aldrin was selected for the third group of astronauts. He is married to the former Joan Archer of Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J. They have three children: Michael, 13, Janice, almost 12, and Andrew J., just 11.

Athletics have always been all-important to Aldrin. Recollects Albert Hartman, the boy's primary-school principal: "He was willing to take risks, but when he took one you had a pretty good feeling he knew what he was doing. When he decided to steal in baseball, his judgment was usually on the winning side." As center on the Montclair High School football team, he com-

perated for his smallness (5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs.) with ferocity, and helped lead the team to its first league championship in 15 years. Those who played with him recall Aldrin's strong team loyalty. Says former Montclair Footballer Ted Cox Jr.: "This was big business with Buzz. You were blood brothers with him if you were playing football."

Air Force Lieut. Colonel Mike Collins, who will orbit the moon in the command module while Armstrong and Al-



PLAQUE TO BE PLACED AFTER LANDING

Man must go where he can.

drin land and return from the surface, is by all accounts the most likable member of the crew. Though he comes from a distinguished military family, he goes out of his way to slop around in jeans and act as unarmy as possible. He enjoys cooking gourmet dinners and knows his way around French wines. To Collins, everybody is "Babe," and he likes to poke fun at the bloated titles that the simplest pieces of space hardware carry. "What we need in the space program is more English majors," he says.

He was born in Rome, where his father, Major General James L. Collins, was military attaché, and he grew up in Puerto Rico and Washington, D.C. After attending St. Albans, a prep school in Washington, he went to West Point, excelling in soccer, wrestling and tennis, and finishing 216th in the class of 1952, a year after Aldrin. Not even Collins' closest friends at the academy knew until senior year that he was the nephew of General J. Lawton ("Lightning Joe") Collins, famed World War II commander of the 25th ("Tropic Lightning") Division on Guadalcanal, leader of the breakthrough at St.-Lô after the Normandy invasion, and later Army Chief of Staff.

If Mike Collins was fired by any particular ambition in his early years, he managed to conceal the fact. Even as a test pilot, and a member of a traditionally no-nonsense profession, he remained relaxed and easygoing. "He lived from day to day and didn't care too much about the future," recalls Bill

Dana, a classmate of Collins' at West Point and a fellow test pilot at Edwards Air Force Base. Adds Dana: "He didn't really take hold until he got into the space program." That happened in 1963 when NASA accepted his application to be an astronaut. Collins is married to the former Patricia Finnegan of Boston. They have three children: Kathleen, 10, Ann, 7, and Michael Jr., 6.

Collins is a master of the dry style of humor that is characteristic of many of the astronauts. How did his wife feel about his latest and most hazardous space assignment? Replied Collins: "She gets a little bit happier every time. However, I think she's reached a peak in happiness now, and I'm going to just leave her right where she is." He is also the most philosophical member of the crew, especially about his own motives for venturing into space. "I really think the key is that man has always gone where he could, and he must continue," Collins said. "He would lose something terribly important by having that option and not taking it."

Men Apart

The Apollo 11 crew has been in full-time training since January, spending 12-hr. days often seven days a week going over and over the 294-page flight plan, rehearsing every move they will make in flight simulators, checking and rechecking the command module and lunar module. They practiced a single maneuver—the powered descent to the lunar surface—at least 150 times. Flight Surgeon Berry was seriously concerned about their grueling schedule. He feared that the men might become so tired that their resistance to disease would be dangerously low and that they would catch the flu or one of the gastrointestinal disturbances that afflicted three of the previous four Apollo crews. If that happens, says Berry, "I'll have the whole world on my back demanding proof that they are not down with some moon bug." Berry publicly discouraged Richard Nixon from dining with the astronauts on the eve of their flight, lest the President pass on germs. When the crew members made their final pre-launch public appearance at a press briefing in Houston eleven days before lift-off, they entered the room wearing rubber masks to cover their mouths and noses and sat within a tentlike glass canopy. Both precautions were designed to reduce the risk of infection.

In a way, the barrier that set Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins apart from their questioners was highly appropriate. When—if it all goes well—the three make their next public appearance, they will do so as mankind's first voyagers to an extraterrestrial body. They are only men, chosen for their role by fate as well as by their own unquestionable talents. But by virtue of their momentous experience, they will also be men set apart from their fellows.

BEYOND THE MOON: NO END

Few men have written about space with greater foresight and intelligence than Britain's Arthur C. Clarke. Now 51, and living in Ceylon, Clarke has published 40 books of science fact and fiction, including 2001: A Space Odyssey. In 1945, he made the first proposal for the orbiting of a synchronous communications satellite. In 1959, he made—and has just narrowly lost—a bet that man would land on the moon by June 1969. Here, at TIME's request, Clarke weighs the consequences of man's first extraterrestrial venture.

NOT long ago, a critic of the space program suggested that as soon as the first astronaut came safely back from the moon, we should wind up manned flight and leave exploration entirely to robots. This may well rank as the silliest statement of a notably silly decade; to match it one must imagine Columbus saying: "Well, boys, there's land on the horizon—now let's go home."

Manned operations will be vital for the development of space industry. Even if—as is likely—most of the satellites for communications, meteorological, earth survey and other purposes will be automatic devices, we shall need human crews to install and service them.

Log-Canoe Stage

The moon is only the first milestone on the road to the stars. The exploration of space—by man and machine, for each complements the other—will be a continuing process with countless goals, but no final end. When our grandchildren look back at earth, they will find it incredible that anyone there failed to realize so obvious a fact of life.

Today's space technology, for all its glittering hardware, is still in the log-canoe stage. The next decade, therefore, despite all the spectacular achievements

it will surely bring, will be a period of consolidation. Such a technological plateau occurred in 1945-55, when the results of wartime rocket research had to be assimilated before the first breakthrough into space was possible. We are now entering a very similar period, some time after 1985, the true space age will begin to dawn.

In our present state of almost total ignorance, the only prediction that can be safely made about the other eight planets and their 30-odd moons is that there is not a single one upon which unprotected men can live. Most of these places are almost unimaginably alien, but that very fact will give them immense scientific value. Moreover, in a very short time—historically speaking—we may be forced to exploit resources beyond the earth. This may become necessary or desirable even if, as seems probable, great progress is made in the production of synthetics and in exploiting the resources of the sea.

Planetary Garbage Dump

This does not give us a charter to continue turning earth into a planetary garbage dump; in an ecological sense, we must put our own house into order before we expand into others. But it is good to know that they are there—even though extensive alterations will be required to make them comfortable. Our generation has learned how to kill a world; the same powers can bring life to worlds that have never known it.

The history of technology teaches us that the right tool always arrives at the right time; witness how the transistor was ready when the space age dawned. The cycle may be beginning again, leading to feats of astronomical engineering as inconceivable to us as televising would have been to the Victorians. Whatever technologies the future may bring, the

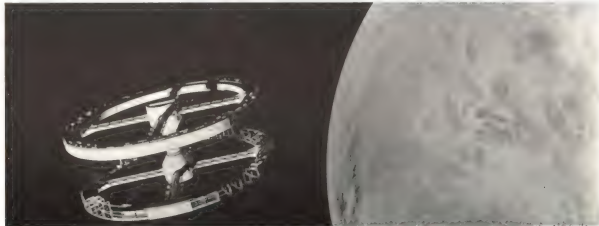
doors of heaven are now opening; this is the central fact of our age.

Those who are—understandably—obsessed with the urgent problems of today, aim at the wrong target when they attack the space program. They say the money would be better spent on the ghettos or the hungry, especially with so much already going to the Viet Nam war. That the money would in fact be spent in such a way is, at best, debatable. Moreover, cost effectiveness is not a criticism that can or should be applied to advanced technology. Who would have put money on atomic energy in 1940? A nation which concentrates on the present will have no future; in statesmanship, as in everyday life, wisdom lies in the right division of resources between today's demands and tomorrow's needs.

The Real Promise

There is always the fear, of course, that men will carry the curse of their animosities into space. But it is more likely that in the long run, those who go out to the stars will leave behind the barriers of nation and race that divide them now. There is a hopeful symbolism in the fact that flags will not wave in a vacuum; our present tribal conflicts cannot be sustained in the hostile environment of space. Whether we like it or not, our children will find new loyalties when they set foot on the moon, or Mars, or the satellites of the giant planets. They did so in these United States a hundred years ago; they will do so on the United Planets in the centuries to come.

And this is the real promise of space exploration—the reason why it appeals so strongly to the young in heart. The Frontier, which only a generation ago seemed lost forever, is open again. And this time it will never close.



SPACE STATION IN MOVIE "2001"
Only the first milestone on the road to the stars.

THE WORLD

TOWARD OPEN WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Fight and rear not; the gates of Paradise are under the shade of the swords.
—Mohammed

THAT deadly shade spread farther across the hostile Middle East last week. Israel, concerned about the Arabs' increasing confidence and belligerency in recent weeks, abandoned any pretense of attacking only in reprisal and launched a limited offensive against its Arab foes. Egypt's official spokesman said: "We consider ourselves at war," and as much as admitted the reserves were being partially mobilized. The week also brought intensified artillery duels along the Syrian and Egyptian frontiers, spectacular aerial dogfights, and more commando raids by both sides, including Arab demolition of a power line pylon which cut off electricity for the town of Eilat.

"Since June 1967," U.N. Secretary-General U Thant reported to the Security Council, "the level of violence has never been higher," and "open warfare had been resumed." He admitted the 1967 cease-fire had "ceased to be respected" in the Suez Canal sector and hinted that he might be forced to order the withdrawal of the 92 U.N. military observers posted along the canal. "They cannot be expected," he said, "to serve as what amounts to defenseless targets in a shooting gallery."

To at least one of the 92, that idea was welcome. "I would not object to the danger," a U.N. observer from Scandinavia said in Cairo, "if I thought I was accomplishing something. But nobody listens any more. You request a cease-fire, and they smile and keep firing." That lack of accomplishment was painfully apparent. In what amounted to Egypt's most successful cross-Suez at-

tack since the end of the 1967 war, "special commando forces" penetrated Israeli positions near Port Tewfik, severely damaging two tanks, killing five Israelis, wounding another three and taking one prisoner. (Egypt, in a characteristic exaggeration, claimed 40 Israelis were killed or wounded.) No Egyptian losses were mentioned by either side.

War in the Air. The heaviest air action took place high over the Golan Heights, where a hunting pack of Israeli Mirage 111-Cs collided with a covey of Syrian MIG-21s. It was the biggest air victory since the 1967 war. Israel claimed seven Syrian jets were knocked down, while Syria admitted losing three MIGs but said four Israeli Mirages were bagged. There were other air battles as well: one a brief fracas near the southern tip of Sinai in which, according to Israel, two Egyptian MIG-21s were downed. The rain of Arab aircraft, in fact, stirred a fresh upsurge of cockiness in Israel, and a favorite 1967 joke made the rounds once more. "It's easy to be an Arab pilot. All he has to learn is how to get up into the air: our pilots get him down again."

Whatever happens in the air, Egypt clearly has no intention of letting its planes be wiped out instantly on the ground as they were at the outset of the 1967 war. A *TIME* correspondent, driving from Cairo to Alexandria along the delta highway, spotted a host of mottled-green MIGs using a huge half-completed military airfield near Tanta. At four other places along the four-lane highway, the center strip had been asphalted over, creating a usable impromptu airstrip, and camouflaged hangars scattered along the road seemed to be obvious shelters for dispersing the Egyptian jets.

Meeting in Moscow. An agreement reached last week between two major factions of the fedayeen movement provided further evidence of Arab determination. Leaders of Al-Fatah and the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) met in Amman for three days of almost nonstop meetings. They were concerned about a Cabinet reshuffle in Jordan that put anti-commando men into key positions and embarrassed by an unseemly squabble over credit for a successful raid three weeks ago. Other commando chieftains also joined the talks, and the upshot was a pledge of increased coordination. Just how long the agreement will last remains to be seen: the same groups have come together in the past, only to dissolve once the immediate threat has ended. Israelis welcomed the agreement between the Arab Commandos. "Now," said one threateningly, "the Fedayeen



ISRAELI PYLON WRECKED BY COMMANDOS



GUN CAMERA VIEW OF SYRIAN MIG-21



EGYPTIAN DEAD AFTER ATTACK ON ISRAELI POST
No longer any pretext for attacking.

Had it with hot taste?

Come up to
the KOOL
taste



Which twin
is the
British gin?



The one at left—Britain's 200 year old White Satin. At right is America's White Satin. It's made here in an imported British still from the old British formula. So today you can get an imported British taste, without paying import duties. By Jove, be smart. Wrap your next Martini in White Satin Gin.

WHITE SATIN GIN



have one address instead of many."

A day after the pact was announced, Al-Fatah Leader Yasser Arafat received a packet rigged to explode when opened. It was hardly a brotherly act, and Fatah was quick to blame Israeli agents. There was some suspicion, however, that rival Arab commandos might have been the guilty senders.

In Moscow, the U.S. and the Soviet Union prepared for another round of talks aimed at reaching a solution to Middle East tensions. Joseph J. Sisco, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs and leader of the U.S. delegation to Moscow, called the increase in hostilities a "very serious matter." There were signs that the Soviets were equally disturbed by the stepped-up activity in the area.

Prospects for an early package agreement between the Big Two, however, remained slim. The U.S. is said to be ready to agree to Egypt's demand that Israel should withdraw from the Sinai and Sharm el Sheikh. Washington also favors the return of the West Bank to Jordan, together with recognition of Jordan's rights in Jerusalem. But the Soviets and the Egyptians still insist that Israel quit all the lands conquered in 1967. Both Washington and Moscow, as a result of discussions, now agree that the frontier areas should be demilitarized and controlled by U.N. forces—a proposition that the Israelis, on the basis of past experience, bitterly oppose. As long as peace hopes remain dim, the prospect of more expansive military action remains—and in Israel at week's end there was talk of a brisk Israeli reply soon to Egypt's Suez raid.

A RUSSIAN SPEAKS SOFTLY

HOWEVER elusive a U.S.-Russian agreement on the Middle East seems, the important fact remains that the world's two major powers continue to meet in an effort to ease the region's tensions. In a major policy statement to the Supreme Soviet last week, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko indicated that Moscow would like to expand such efforts into other areas. The speech was a broad appeal for a constructive and friendly relationship with the U.S. While it offered no dramatic assurance of any substantial change in Soviet aims or attitudes, Gromyko's tone was more conciliatory than anything heard from Moscow in many years.

Gromyko went through the ritualistic assault on U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, but the language was less vituperative than in the past. What was new and heartening was his hint that the Russians are "ready" for strategic-arms-limitation talks and would participate in four-power negotiations to resolve the problem of West Berlin. "We are in favor of the development of good relations with the U.S.," said Gromyko. "It is clear that our countries are divided by profound class differences. But the Soviet Union always believed that the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. could find common language on the questions of maintaining the peace."

Cautious Inch. Moscow, of course, has compelling reasons for seeking a degree of amity with the West. The Russian leaders are clearly alarmed by China's belligerence (see following story).



GROMYKO ADDRESSING SUPREME SOVIET
Reasons for amity.

The deteriorating situation in the East may be the main motivation for Russia's attempts to avoid trouble in Europe and the Middle East.

Whatever the Russian rationale, President Nixon intends to put Gromyko's words to the test. In response to the Foreign Minister's statement, Secretary of State William Rogers urged the Soviets to follow through on their stated willingness to open arms talks. The White House is interested in probing possibilities for an eventual summit conference, but only after some areas of agreement are found. As Nixon said last February, "I take a dim view of what some have called 'summitry,' particularly where there are grave differences of opinion between those who are to meet." The differences between the U.S. and Russia remain, and Gromyko's speech did not change them. But the diplomatic door to *détente* may have been opened a cautious inch.

Effective Counterpoint. Even as Gromyko spoke, the first Soviet warships ever to venture into the Western Hemisphere's waters cruised off the U.S. coast bound for Cuba. At first, the Soviet presence seemed like a direct reaction to Nixon's announced plans to visit for a day in Rumania next month. Were the Soviets trying to show that two can play at the game of intruding into the other's backyard?

In fact, the Soviet visit had been planned for a long time, and the dates were just right for showing the Red flag. The flotilla, which includes three missile-carrying destroyers, will be in Havana on July 26, the 16th anniversary of the first attempt by Fidel Castro and his small guerilla band to overthrow the Batista regime. July 27 is Soviet Navy Day. Still, the visit was surrounded by an ambiguity from which the Soviets profited. Even if they had not intended it, the sight of Soviet warships in American waters made an effective counterpoint to Nixon's coming diplomatic foray into Eastern Europe.



SOVIET SUPPLY SHIP & MISSILE DESTROYER OFF U.S. COAST

The dates happened to fall just right.



SOVIET PATROL BOAT SPRAYING CHINESE FISHERMAN



CHINESE ATTACKING SOVIET ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER WITH STICKS*

Old allies are worse than the most rabid enemies.

COMMUNISTS

More Trouble on the Borders

"Even our most rabid enemies have never used such unworthy methods and on such a scale as the Chinese leaders." With those words, Andrei Gromyko last week told the Supreme Soviet of the deepening division between the two former Communist allies. Gromyko had new evidence for his statement. For the fourth time in five months, fighting had erupted along the Sino-Soviet border.

Last week's incident took place on Goldinsky Island in the Amur River, less than 50 miles southwest of the important Siberian rail and communications center of Khabarovsk. Like Damansky Island in the Ussuri, a tributary of the Amur, where the first major clashes took place last March, Goldinsky Island sits in the middle of a river that forms the frontier where China and Russia meet. The Soviets claim the eastern part of the small island; the Chinese* insist that it is all theirs.

Conflicting Versions. Each side blames the other for the latest trouble. According to the Soviet version, the Chinese had illegally infiltrated troops into the Russian area. Early one morning, as Soviet engineers landed from two river craft on their part of the island to repair navigation markers, Chinese ambushers opened fire with submachine guns and grenade launchers. The fusillade killed one Russian worker, wounded two and inflicted severe damage on the *Blackbird* and *Turpan*, the boats. The Russians, so they say, did not even shoot back.

As Peking tells it, Soviet patrol boats landed Soviet troops on the island. While Soviet aircraft circled menacingly overhead, the Russians attacked Chinese inhabitants and soldiers who were at work in the fields. The Soviets, says Peking, also set fire to one dwelling.

The latest battle triggered an exchange of protests. Moscow for the first time warned that it now was "compelled to take additional measures against the actions of the Chinese authorities." Diplomats in Moscow felt that the stern language was intended to signal that the Soviets were strengthening their border patrols and would retaliate vigorously against any future attacks.

Nuclear Reaction. The Chinese protest note warned the Soviets that they must cease their armed provocations or "you will certainly receive even more severe punishment from the Chinese people." Though the Chinese do not so far appear to be reinforcing their military defenses in the Amur-Ussuri sector, there are reports that two armored and three antiaircraft divisions have been moved into the Lop Nor nuclear- and rocket-testing site in Sinkiang Province as protection against a pre-emptive Soviet airborne attack. The Chinese concern is understandable since Lop Nor is only 500 miles southeast of the Dzungarian Gates, the main pass through the Tien Shaw Mountains, where a border skirmish was fought last month.

FRANCE

Première at the Elysée

During his eleven-year rule of France, Charles de Gaulle held a grand total of 18 press conferences, and the fact that the press was invited was almost incidental. Seated on a gilded tapestry chair in the Elysée Palace and flanked by his entire Cabinet, De Gaulle did not so much answer questions (often planted in advance) as deliver oracular pronouncements. Last week Georges Pompidou held his first session with the press since taking over as the general's successor, and the result was as different from De Gaulle's performances as an interview is from an audience.

France's new President strode informally into the room and told 160 newsmen that he wanted free and flexible contacts with the press, "my concern

being that these conferences have as their aim informing you and learning something myself."

The conference did both, and was wide-ranging as well. In nearly two hours of direct questions and answers, newsmen asked about almost every major issue raised during the De Gaulle era, from Britain's entry into the Common Market to housing construction. Pompidou demonstrated an impressive familiarity with both policymaking and the practical levels of government.

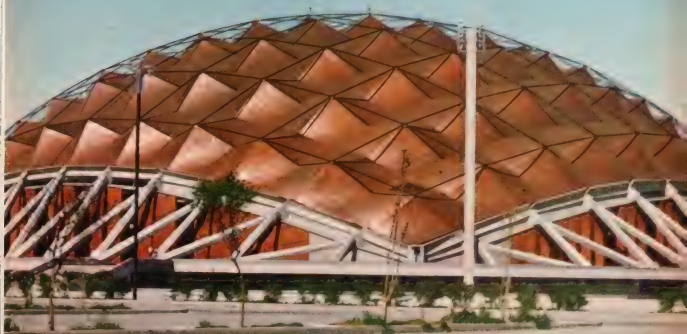
He showed his scholar's mind by frequently replying with quotations (Marcus Aurelius on the quick passage of youth: "The inevitability of age is suspended above it"). He sprinkled his answers with wit (asked how he would assure the defense of the Mediterranean, Pompidou replied: "Ideally, by being everywhere"). He took pains to speak politely of other nations. Only one question—about possible plans to meet with De Gaulle—provoked a collision of the heavy presidential eyebrows. Such meetings, Pompidou said curtly, "should be at his initiative, and there is no need for them to be known to the public."

Not a Convert. De Gaulle has little to reproach his successor for so far, as Pompidou revealed few departures in substance from Gaullist policy. His only hint of change involved the total arms embargo against Israel instituted by De Gaulle early this year, which public opinion surveys revealed as highly unpopular among French voters. France might permit shipment of spare parts for Israel's French-made airplanes and weapons with "a feeble offensive capacity," Pompidou declared, depending on the "situation on the spot and the attitude of interested parties." Actually, France already permits some spare-part deliveries via third countries. But Pompidou gave no sign that he would release the 50 Mi-

* The pictures are from a 60-minute propaganda film on earlier border clashes that Peking for the past few months has been showing all over China. U.S. audiences last week saw excerpts on the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*.

* The island's Chinese name is Pa Chia, meaning Eight Forks, because the river's waters divide into eight separate currents at that point.

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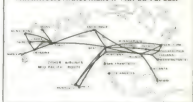
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POMPIDOU AT PRESS CONFERENCE
An interview, not an audience.

rage jets impounded two years ago on De Gaulle's orders.

On the issue of Britain's entry into the European Economic Community, Pompidou assured his audience that France did not consider the Common Market a "convent" requiring "a series of vows to be pronounced." At the same time, the "European notion" must have a firm basis, and enlargement of the EEC involves real difficulties, some of which "have been hidden behind what has been called the French veto," Pompidou said. At present, the EEC was nothing more than "a customs union on the one hand and, on the other, an agricultural community quite difficult to operate." The needs for more integrated farm trade, plus progress in science, industrial energy, transportation and the harmonization of business law should all have priority over expanding the community's size, Pompidou said. However, he was prepared to discuss new negotiations with the British at a Common Market summit meeting this fall.

Front-Page Surprise. As for relations between the U.S. and France, they reached a "turning point" with President Nixon's visit to De Gaulle last winter, said Pompidou. Present U.S. policy in Viet Nam "is viewed here with the greatest sympathy." He made no startling announcements regarding France's financial and economic problems, though he reiterated an oft-stated campaign theme that their solution depended on stimulating foreign trade. There was, in fact, little startling news anywhere in the conference, in sharp contrast to De Gaulle's habit of almost invariably springing a front-page surprise. But Pompidou convinced both the press and his nationwide TV audience that his government was pretty much what he had promised: competent and responsive to demands for gradual change.

ITALY

Socialism in Six Acts

Talk about identity crisis! The Socialists have suffered from one practically since birth. Their problem is how to cling to Socialist principles without either being drawn toward Communism or embracing the bourgeois Establishment. Nowhere has the conflict been more tortured than in Italy. There, Socialists are outflanked on the left by the West's strongest Communist Party, while the center is pre-empted by the dominant Christian Democrats. Ever in search of a role, often quarreling among themselves, the Socialists have contributed greatly to Italy's protean politics. They have just caused the latest Italian government crisis, and brought down the promising government of Christian Democrat Mariano Rumor.

Shifting Coalition. To see how this came about, it is necessary to pause and contemplate the plot as it has unfolded over the years. It is a *commedia dell'arte* script with occasional touches of Machiavelli.

ACT I. In the 1940s, the Socialists under longtime Leader Pietro Nenni participate in the Christian Democratic government. But ideologically, they often cooperate with the Communists. This so enrages the Christian Democrats that they toss Nenni out as Foreign Minister. It so troubles the moderate Socialists that they split off and regroup as the Italian Socialist Workers' Party and later as the Social Democrats.

ACT II. In the 1950s, Nenni himself finally draws away from the Communists. He helps prepare the way for the famous *apertura a sinistra*, the Christian Democrats' opening to the left in which, by 1963, they once more admit the Socialists into the government.

ACT III. To strengthen the center left government and push the social reforms that Italy badly needs, Nenni in 1966

agrees with the Social Democrats to reunite the old Socialist Party factions. It does not turn out to be a profitable reunion. In Italy's 1968 national elections left-wing voters disenchanted with the center-left government vote for the Communist Party, which picks up nearly 800,000 new votes. The Socialists lose four seats in the Chamber of Deputies.

ACT IV. Trying to recoup some of their losses, left-wing Socialists start making overtures to the Communists again. They are led by Deputy Premier and Party General Secretary Francesco de Martino, a 62-year-old law professor who learned how to tack and test the winds as a yachtsman on the Bay of Naples. He sees to it that far-left factions slowly take control of the party machinery. This infuriates the ex-Social Democrats: their leader, Giuseppe Saragat, has been President of the Republic for four years and is presumably above politics. But others angrily threaten to bolt.

ACT V. Nenni, 78, but wily as ever, works out a compromise to keep the two sides together. According to his plan, the party's central committee will approve—narrowly—a resolution restating the manifesto that reunited them three years ago. Communists should play no part in the "government process." Then the committee will approve a resolution by De Martino to study whether the Communists might somehow, some day be brought into the government. But when the committee meets and the no-Communists vote is taken, Nenni is either double-crossed or victimized by misunderstandings. His resolution loses 69-52. "I will not remain in this post even an hour more," says the stunned Nenni, who thereupon resigns as both party leader and Foreign Minister.

ACT VI. The ex-Social Democrats also leave. Angry, they regroup as the Unitary Socialist Party. Their repre-



NENNI & DE MARTINO AT SOCIALIST PARTY MEETING
Commedia dell'arte with touches of Machiavelli.

sentatives in Rumor's Cabinet resign. Under Italian parliamentary procedure, Rumor has no choice but to resign as well.

That is how the plot went up to week's end. For Italy, the outcome was a pity. Rumor's government had begun to make some progress. Bills on pension increases, wage equalization between prosperous North and impoverished South, judicial reform, divorce and education were all moving through Parliament. In recent regional elections, as one result, the Christian Democrats and Socialists gained while the Communist vote fell off.

A New Government. President Saragat's choice to form a new government, under the circumstances, was Mariano Rumor. But the task may be harder than Rumor's first attempt at Cabinet-making last winter, which took 16 days. This time there are more factions to negotiate with. In addition, the ex-Social Democrats, who still have 29 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, last week were refusing to join any coalition that included Nenni Socialists.

One possibility was a *monocolore* government, or one composed only of Rumor's Christian Democrats that would govern at the pleasure of all parties. The Christian Democrats oppose such a solution. Party Secretary Flaminio Piccoli last week insisted that "the only road open for the Christian Democrats remains the center-left."

What Piccoli and the Christian Democrats want is some foul-weather friends. Italy is experiencing a growing domestic unrest, due mostly to the heavy-handed slowness of government bureaucracy. No fewer than 35 labor contracts are up for negotiation this fall, and labor leaders are tough-minded when the government is in trouble. Continuing unrest may necessitate government crack-downs. Under such circumstances, the Christian Democrats would prefer not to be governing alone.

Whether they join the government again or not, Italy's Socialists face a grim denouement. A coalition of Christian Democrats and left-wing Socialists can probably last only until a substantive and controversial issue is brought up in Parliament. Then, short of votes, the government will fall once more. No one particularly wants a special election, but one may have to be called. If it is, the Socialists undoubtedly will lose even more votes than they lost last year. They have split and reunited too many times to be taken seriously any longer. Automaker Giovanni Agnelli, a shrewd political observer if not a disinterested one as head of the vast Fiat enterprises, calls the latest schism "the death knell of Italian Socialism." Adds Agnelli: "In the future, the Socialists can only be complementary to a government." They will still have parliamentary seats, still occupy a place on the stage of Italian politics. But their role like that of the monarchists, for instance, is not likely to be central.

WEST GERMANY

Closing the Loophole

By a unanimous vote, the Bundesrat, the upper house of the West German Parliament, last week passed a law closing the legal loophole through which as-yet-undetected German war criminals would have escaped punishment. Under the old law, war criminals who had not been caught and indicted by next Dec. 31 would have been immune from future prosecution. The new law renders them liable to prosecution for another ten years. It also lifts entirely the statute of limitations on genocide, thus subjecting the perpetrators of the most heinous Nazi crimes to possible punishment as long as they live.

The law represents a compromise between West Germany's two major political parties over how to cope with

the burden of the Nazi past. Arguing that the German people can only expiate their national guilt by bringing the wartime offenders to justice, the Socialists favored abolishing the statute of limitations on all forms of murder, including even homicide by civilians in peacetime. That would have ensured that no war criminal could ever be legally exempt from prosecution.

Until 1980. Three months ago, after the "Grand Coalition" Cabinet adopted the Socialist view, a revolt broke out in the ranks of the Christian Democrats. It was led by Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss's Bavarian branch of the party. The Bavarians, who argue that it is time to restrict the search for war criminals to major offenders, demanded a so-called "differentiated approach." It would treat the criminals who gave the orders for genocide and massacres far more severely than those who carried them out or were involved in lesser crimes. Fearing that he would be outflanked by Strauss, his main rival, Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger went along with the Bavarians. So did the rest of the party. Faced with the new position of their senior partners in the coalition, the Socialists had no practical alternative except to agree to a compromise solution. Both parties wanted to get the law passed before September's national elections in order to prevent the rightist National Democrats, who favor an end to war crime trials, from making a campaign issue of it.

According to official Bonn estimates, there are 10,000 to 16,000 undetected war criminals at large in West Germany. Those who have not been caught by 1980 under the new extension will almost assuredly be dead of old age or too infirm to stand trial in any case.

KENYA

Under the Ayieke Tree

Throughout his life, Tom Mboya worked for an end to tribalism and for the growth of a Kenyan nationalism. Ironically, his sudden death by a still unknown assassin aroused Kenya's tribal rivalries. As his body lay in state in his Nairobi home last week, his fellow Luo tribesmen closed ranks against the rest of Kenya. Any mourner who was a Luo was welcomed, even if he had been an opponent of Economic and Development Minister Mboya. As the day wore on, Luo bitterness increased and even Mboya's close friends, if they were Kikuyu, Tugen or of any other tribe, were turned away with taunts and stones.

The Requiem High Mass for Mboya in Nairobi's Holy Family Cathedral became a shambles. A crowd of 20,000,



MRS. MBOYA & MOURNERS AT MBOYA'S WAKE

The words were lost

mostly Luo, jammed the cathedral square. When venerable President Jomo Kenyatta, a Kikuyu, arrived in his black, bulletproof Mercedes, the car was pelted with anything handy, even shoes. The police reacted with flailing batons and white-foaming tear-gas grenades. The gas penetrated the cathedral, and its sting set children wailing. Some of the harried congregation used holy water to rinse their eyes, and one retired government official died the next day of the gas's aftereffects. The words of Archbishop J. J. McCarthy were lost in the shriek of sirens, the lamentations of women, the crash of plate-glass windows. When a rock smashed the windshield of his car, a German bank official drove into a tree and was killed.

Negative Rays. A public viewing of Mboya's body, scheduled for that night, was canceled. At four in the morning,

the funeral cortege set out, headed for the shores of Lake Victoria, the heartland of the Luos, 300 miles away. Mboya's coffin was draped in the national colors of black, green and red, and covered with tropical flowers. Nothing went right. After only five miles, one car broke down. On the escarpment of the Rift Valley, the car carrying Mboya's pregnant widow, Pamela, was involved in a three-car collision that injured five people. At Nakuru, where 50,000 had gathered, Pamela Mboya complained of chest pains. She was rushed to the local hospital, but when X rays proved negative, she returned to the cortege. The hearse broke down and was hastily repaired. Thereafter, it had to stop for ten minutes every 20 miles to prevent the radiator from boiling over.

The progress through Luo-land was agonizingly slow. Women in vividly pat-

terns and a supporter of the government. But most Luos, led by Leftist Oginga Odinga, belong to the opposition Kenya People's Union. Along the entire route of the cortege, crowds shouted the defiant party rallying cry of "Dume! Dume!", which means bull, and refers to the K.P.U. party symbol. How badly the government will be hurt depends, of course, on how swiftly it can capture the assassin and on the discovery of which faction the killer represents. If the killer turns out to be a fellow Luo, the K.P.U. will be unable to use Mboya's death against the government. But if he should be a Kikuyu, Kenya's dominant tribe, Odinga will probably be able to rally Luos to his party in large numbers.

Buckskin Drums. The final leg of the journey was to Homa Bay on the shore of steel-gray Lake Victoria, the cortege

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Dissident Intellectuals

Although I oppose Communism because of its inhumanity and because it contradicts the basic values of Asians and Vietnamese, I wonder if our people should continue to kill each other over an alien doctrine.

Those anguished words were written by Nguyen Lau, a soft-spoken, London-educated Vietnamese journalist who until three months ago published Saigon's English-language *Daily News*. After the authorities discovered that he had discussed his views on peace with a Viet Cong agent, Lau was arrested. Last week, in a dimly lit Saigon courtroom, a military tribunal sentenced him to five years' imprisonment for "actions detrimental to the national security."

Lau's predicament is not unique. He is a member of South Viet Nam's educated elite, which has long opposed any and all regimes in Saigon. These days, the country's intellectuals are on particularly bad terms with the government of President Nguyen Van Thieu over the issue of peace and how to achieve it. Thieu regards men like Publisher Lau with unceasing loathing. Not long ago, he told a group of hamlet officials: "You are more patriotic than these intellectuals who drink four glasses of whisky a day. Although they are well educated, they are slaves of the Communists."

Deflowered Autos. Two months ago, after returning from his summer with Richard Nixon, Thieu again warned "so-called intellectuals" who dally with notions of coalition that they would be "punished severely." The threat was hardly novel: Pham Van Nhon, the publisher of *Le Vietnam Nouveau*, is serving a five-year sentence for associating with Communists. Truong Dinh Ozu, who recommended negotiations with the Communists when he ran for the presidency in 1967, has been in jail for a year. Considering that the Saigon regime has been at war for years, abridgment of some democratic freedoms is entirely natural, up to a point. Still, the situation makes it difficult to create a liberal opposition to Thieu's government, says Tran Van Tuyen, one of Lau's three defense lawyers, and "into this vacuum the Communists may be able to move."

The intellectuals continue to make their voices heard. A group of 42 journalists, lawyers, professors and five lower-house deputies have formed the Committee for the Establishment of the Progressive Nationalist Force. Their professed aim is to set up a "reconciliatory government composed of nationalists and acceptable to all sides concerned"—which does not imply coalition with the Communists, the group insists. Several members of the committee have been questioned by police, however.

Thieu's government feels that given the current political confusion, anything



ARCHBISHOP MCCARTHY CELEBRATES REQUIEM MASS FOR MBOYA in the shriek of sirens, the crash of windows and the lamentations of women.

terned dresses flung themselves onto the road ahead of the hearse; men and boys clung to the hood and the body. Other Luos sat half naked by the road, smeared with the traditional clay of mourning, while witch doctors in white ostrich feathers and monkey-skin skirts pranced among them. Trucks, cars and buses decorated with palm fronds and jacaranda branches brought thousands more to vantage points along the way.

Strong forces of police, armed with Sten guns and rifles, charged repeatedly in an effort to keep the route open. At Kisumu, a grass fire started, and a curtain of ash hung in the air. The lamentations of the huge throng continued for hours after the cortege passed by.

The political effect of Mboya's murder will apparently be to strengthen the opposition to the government. Mboya himself had been in Kenyatta's Cabinet

arrived after nightfall, and the surrounding hills echoed with the ceaseless throng of buckskin drums. Another Requiem Mass was held, celebrated by the African Bishop of Kisumu, Maurice Otunga, and throughout the night mourners filed past the casket at the rate of 100 per minute. Finally, the coffin was ferried across the choppy water to Rusinga Island, the ancestral home of Mboya's clan. Outside the family home, Mboya's coffin was placed under a shelter of poles and cornstalks—to take the coffin into the house would be to run the risk of bringing another death to the family. Next day, Mboya was buried beneath the yellow blossoms of an *avieke* tree, together with his oxhide shield, beaded cap and walking stick, as required by Luo law. After five days, the tribal elders will go down to the lake to bathe and cleanse themselves of evil spirits.

that can be interpreted as corrupting either morale or the war effort must be suppressed. Thirty newspapers, including Lau's *Daily News*, have either been suspended or permanently shuttered for publishing statements regarded as "unpatriotic." Songs that dwell longingly on peace are banned. The police sometimes rip flower decals off autos and motor scooters in the belief that these are symbols of a peace movement. Says one intellectual angrily: "Thieu thinks the army is everything. But you can't have a world without intellectuals, any more than you can have a world without women. They both make trouble, but you need them."

Long Fingernail. Who are the intellectuals? The Western image of the intellectual as a man primarily concerned with the quest for knowledge is almost irrelevant. Some Vietnamese regard anyone who does not work with his hands as an intellectual. Thus clerks and even taxi drivers affect the long fingernail on the little finger, mandarin-style.

South Viet Nam's true intellectual elite consists of no more than a few thousand people. Its members include doctors, lawyers, journalists, Buddhist monks, professors, artists, students and occasional businessmen. Some, like Lau, own property, but most live modestly on monthly incomes that range from \$80 to \$600. They are inveterate organization joiners. Being a member of the alumni associations of the *Lycee Petrus Ky* or the *Lycee Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, both in Saigon, is a mark of special distinction among the elite. There are other ties of common background. Many intellectuals fled the North in 1954 when the Communists took over there. Lawyer Tran Ngoc Lieng, one of the leaders of the Progressive Nationalist Force Committee, was a schoolmate of North Vietnamese Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap at the University of Hanoi.

In Viet Nam, as in most of Asia, the intellectual is heavily influenced by the Confucian tradition, which ordains that the scholar has an obligation not only to disseminate knowledge but also to participate in the rule of his country. From this concept, the mandarin emerged, and down through Viet Nam's history the mandarins provided the administrative core for the nation. In the 19th century, with the arrival of the French, the mandarin split: some scholars resisted the invaders, others collaborated.

The *Attentistes*. With the aid of the latter, the French took over Viet Nam's educational system, producing a new elite that was profoundly influenced by French culture. Until the early '60s, when the Americans moved in, French was the only Western language spoken in Viet Nam. Egotism and arrogance came to be associated with absorption in "*la culture française*"; not a few in the intelligentsia were far more concerned with the study of Voltaire and Montesquieu than with the realities in their country. What is more, this elitism has produced a view of the world



TRAN VAN TUYEN & NGUYEN LAU
Insistent voices in a vacuum.

that is cynically self-centered and, currently, virulently anti-American. The younger group, educated in Europe and the U.S., have managed to free themselves from *lycée* culture. But to this day, French influence runs deep among the older generation of Vietnamese intellectuals—Camus and Sartre seem to be their favorite authors.

Despite such Western overlays, the influence of Buddhism on the intellectuals remains strong. It holds that temporal life is only an "ocean of sorrows" and that the intellectual should avoid involvement in it. As a result, *attentisme* (waiting) is a popular posture. It is a detached resignation at least partly rooted in the belief that the nation's des-

tiny is controlled by outside forces—the French after World War II, the Americans and the North Vietnamese in the present conflict—and that the individual is powerless to bring about change. It also reflects despair over the lack of alternatives and deep disenchantment with both the Saigon government and the Communists.

Indeed, the intellectuals have few clear-cut loyalties. They oppose the Saigon regime partly because it is military. But few are seriously committed to Communism. To most Vietnamese intellectuals, Communism was mostly the means of creating a revolutionary political force against French colonialism. Those few who were attracted are out in the jungle now: among them are Lawyer Nguyen Huu Tho, president of the National Liberation Front, and Architect Huynh Tan Phat, president of the Communists' recently proclaimed provisional revolutionary government.

They are, by and large, exceptions; *attentisme* is the order of the day. Many intellectuals seem overly ready to criticize, but are reluctant to act on their convictions. A prominent woman lawyer in Saigon notes that "the *attentiste* maintains a certain amount of honesty without enduring the rigors of outright resistance." Now, she says, "many intellectuals know what they should do, but do not have the courage to do it." She does not—perhaps typically—recommend what it is they should do.

Two Currents. Well aware of the importance of South Viet Nam's intellectuals, the Viet Cong have long tried to recruit them—with some success. Many intellectuals have come to believe that the Viet Cong are nationalists first and Communists second, that they can be peacefully assimilated into the political fabric of the nation once the war ends. "When peace comes," says one naively optimistic Southerner, "South Viet Nam will be rich. We will have no problems, and when there are no problems, there will be no Communists." Other intellectuals, so far a minority, now back the government after years in opposition—mainly because they feel that it is the best possible regime under the present circumstances. They may not particularly like it, but they prefer it to the Communists.

For men like Lau, opposed to both the war and to the Communists, the best hope seems to lie in bringing about a *rapprochement* between Saigon and the Communists in the interest of Vietnamese nationalism. At his trial, Lau retracted his earlier confession that he had known his contact to be a Viet Cong agent, then added: "I did not serve the Communists. My only work was journalism. Everyone knows that I am a nationalist." Says a Saigon police official: "Lau thought he saw a ceasefire and a coalition government coming. He was trying to swim between two currents. He thought he could talk to the other side and still be considered a patriot by the present government."



TRUONG DINH DZU
Character of contradictions.

MALAYSIA

Preparing for a Pogrom

Residents of Kuala Lumpur, both rich and poor, used to congregate by the thousands each night around long rows of food stalls throughout the city. Many were there for their evening meal of *satay* (meat roasted on a short skewer of cane and dipped in curry sauce). Others stopped off on their way home for a bowl of soup. In the polyglot capital of Malaysia, this nightly relaxation attracted not only Malays but also citizens of the large Chinese minority and the smaller Indian and Pakistani groups. For the past two months, however, Kuala Lumpur's food stalls have closed early and the street crowds that usually mingled pleasantly now scatter for cover at any unusual sound. In the wake of bloody race riots that may have claimed 2,000 lives, Malaysia's peoples have broken little bread together; they have probably broken any hope for multiracial harmony for many years to come.

Last week, though no further rioting occurred, Kuala Lumpur was a city of mounting tensions and widening divisions. In the weeks since the first riots—which terrified primarily the Chinese, since they were the main victims—new incidents have centered on Indian communities as well. With both minorities now targets for mob attack, the struggle has become more clearly than ever the Malay extremists' fight for total hegemony. Whether or not the Malay-controlled police force and emergency government have actually started up some of the house-burning, spear-carrying mobs, they seem unwilling to clamp down on them. Strict government censorship has created a news void that forces panicked citizens to keep their transistor radios tuned to the police band and gives credence to constant rumors of terror. Chinese secret societies, the backbone of self-defense whenever officials are distrusted, are flourishing and, justifiably or not, Malaysia's minorities are preparing for a pogrom.

Benefits at the Top. Malaysia's working arrangement for the past 20 years has always kept political power in the hands of Malays but allowed the more commercially aggressive Chinese and Indians to accumulate much of the economic power. Outwardly, this combination brought twin blessings. Malaysia developed a thriving modern economy that produced one of the highest per capita incomes in Asia, and at the same time enjoyed the personal freedoms of a liberal democracy. Presiding over the hopeful experiment was the avuncular figure of 66-year-old Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman. His Alliance coalition, dominated by Malays but including both Chinese and Indian parties, won control of Parliament during the election of 1955, two years before independence, and has kept it ever since.

For all its practical success, Malaysia never really managed to overcome racial enmities. The Chinese and Indians resented Malay-backed plans favoring

the majority, including one to make Malay the official school and government language. The poorer, more rural Malays became jealous of Chinese and Indian prosperity. Perhaps the Alliance's greatest failing was that it served to benefit primarily those at the top. It was not unheard of for a government official to discover a new car in his garage, its donor a mystery until a Chinese *tawakal* (rich merchant) mentioned it offhandedly—and then perhaps asked for a favor. For a Chinese or Indian who was not well-off, or for a Malay who was not well-connected, there was little largesse in the system. Even for those who were favored, hard feelings persisted. One *tawakal* recently told a Malay official: "If it weren't for the Chinese, you Malays would be sitting on the floor without tables and chairs." Re-

PHOTOGRAPH BY



DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER RAZAK

From the pleasantness of breaking bread to the panic of broken hope.

plied the official: "If I knew I could get every damned Chinaman out of the country, I would willingly go back to sitting on the floor."

Lip Service. Malaysia's democracy has been suspended as a result of the riots. Three days after they began, both the Tunku and the constitutional monarch handed over all their powers to the ambitious Deputy Prime Minister, Tun Abdul Razak. He now presides over a state-of-emergency ruling group called the National Operations Council. Heavily dependent on the military and Malay extremists for support, the N.O.C. government today is run by men who believe that Malaysia's only hope is to find a solution to the minority "problem"—and are willing to accept a lower standard of living, or even shed the federation's non-Malay Borneo states to find it. This month Razak, who as a former Minister of National and Rural Development became committed to pro-

grams for Malay supremacy, announced a new economic program. Though he has not yet given militants free reign and still manages to pay lip service to the notion that "prosperity must be spread throughout the nation," his proposals for new government-run industry, rural development and industrial training courses all seem designed solely to benefit the Malay community.

Malays could not take over the economy within the foreseeable future. They simply do not have the capital or the know-how to manage it, especially in the field of rubber production, in which Malaysia is the world leader. However, they do have the power to wreck the economy—and seemingly the hatred that could make them use it. The majority of Chinese and Indians have come to believe, as a result of the riots, that they

STRAITS TIMES



RIOT DAMAGE IN KUALA LUMPUR

cannot expect government protection from Malay mobs.

In retaliation, Chinese merchants have already raised prices on many goods to Malay buyers and cut off *paku* (credit), by which many a Malay farmer buys seed for his next crop. More ominous still, the conflict, at first only an urban affair, is spreading to the countryside. Chinese-owned pickup trucks have ceased collecting the fishing catch from the Strait of Malacca. The eagerly awaited season for durian, a large and delectable strong-scented fruit grown only in Asia, is now at its peak. In any other year, Malay farmers would make small fortunes on this rare fruit. Last week durians were rotting by the roadside because Chinese trucks were not sent for them—as they are not being sent anywhere in Malaysia's rice bowl. Economies will not long endure that kind of standoff, and the result is likely to be fresh explosions of racial strife.

PEOPLE

In 43 years, the presidential yacht has ferried a panoply of kings, emperors, ambassadors and other important personages along the Potomac—but rarely a crowd like this. Two dozen youngsters, most of them from poor families around Washington, followed wide-eyed behind **Pat Nixon** on a tour of the 104-ft. long vessel, now named *Sequoia*, as a Navy crew piloted them downstream on a two-hour voyage. It was the first of a series of 14 cruises the First Lady plans for children this summer. "I thought it could be put to better use," said she, dishing out soda pop and other goodies while a Marine Corps combo and a folk singer provided music. The only sour note came from a National Park Service director who remarked at one point that it would take 20 years to clean up the pollution they were gliding over.

It was only a question of time. Carlo Ponti Jr., long-awaited son of the Italian producer and Actress **Sophia Loren**, will become a contributor to the family cinematic combine at the tender age of six months. In *I Giardini* (The Sunflowers), a Ponti production now filming in Moscow, Carlo Jr. will portray Sophia's infant son. "I managed to convince Carlo Sr. to allow our son to work in the movie so I could have my baby with me all the time," she said. "I don't want to be away from him for a moment." The script offers an arresting contrast to the Pontis' *fiorente* felicity. An Italian woman, traveling on her earnings as a prostitute, tracks down her war-prisoner husband in Russia only to find him married to another woman.

"All the inadequacies and weaknesses just blare out at you," complained the young artist as he viewed his own one-

man show at the Farnsworth Museum in Rockland, Me. **Jamie Wyeth**, 23, Andrew's talented and modest son, had hitched a ride with a lobsterman from his home on Monhegan Island, and almost wished he hadn't come. Even his 1967 portrait of the late John F. Kennedy was disappointing in retrospect. "I'm terribly unsatisfied with it," said Jamie, who never saw J.F.K. in the flesh and completed the portrait from photographs and extensive sketches of the President's two brothers. "It's purely interpretive. I have nothing to equate it with. I don't know whether it is like him or unlike him." Still, the young artist must be doing something right, he has been commissioned by NASA authorities to join Robert Rauschenberg, John Meigs and William Thon at Cape Kennedy to sketch his impressions of this week's scheduled Apollo 11 blast-off to the moon.

"Show me an actress who isn't a personality," the lady once said, "and I'll show you a woman who isn't a star." Now, at 58, **Katharine Hepburn** is still very much a star, but she has wearied of Hollywood's personality fetish; she grants few interviews, is rarely seen outside her private circle of friends, has even hired an agency to keep her out of the public eye. There was nothing she could do, though, about the exhibit opening last week at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, which paid her the honor of exhibiting 65 photos of Hepburn in many of her greatest roles. There she was, the stage-struck young beauty in 1933's *Morning Glory*, the prim but game Rose in 1951's *African Queen*, the indomitable Eleanor of Aquitaine in 1968's *The Lion in Winter*. Yet nothing could capture the essential Hepburn better than her pose in the 1939 Broadway



HEPBURN 1939
Honored nonetheless.

production of *The Philadelphia Story*, as cool and serenely regal in slacks and blouse as Botticelli's Venus.

Johnson State Park along the Pedernales in Texas boasts an impressive herd of 40 white-tailed deer plus quite a few rabbits, ground squirrels and other rodents. But it has been woefully short in the buffalo department, with only one bull and four cows. That situation has just been corrected by Budweiser Beer Baron **August Busch**, a longtime friend of L.B.J., who sent the ex-President four of the shaggy ungulates—two bulls and two cows—from his private preserve at Grant's Farm outside St. Louis. Busch will hardly miss the beasts: he still has 37 of them roaming free on his 300-acre farm.

Some supplies had been tossed overboard, and heavy waves were breaking over the low-lying stern. The reports from *Ra*, the 45-by-15-ft. reed boat with which **Thor Heyerdahl** hopes to prove that ancient Egyptians may have planted their culture in the New World, sounded a good deal less optimistic than they did during the first stages of his two-month voyage. The Norwegian adventurer and his six-man crew reported their position in the Atlantic as 1,000 miles east of Martinique and still on schedule, which calls for a landfall somewhere along the coast of Central America late next month. Heyerdahl said that eune was "working desperately." As an escort vessel put out from Martinique, he radioed: "It's a question of how long we can keep going. We're having a rough time—we're not in good shape any more."



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THE PRESS

EDITORS

"Freedom" in South Africa

Heavily criticized abroad for its repressive policy of *apartheid*, the South African government takes its points of pride where it can find them. For years it has proudly pointed to the country's free press. But freedom ends at the racial barrier. Laurence Gandar, editor in chief of Johannesburg's *Rund Daily Mail*, has long been one of the few resident journalists bold enough to prod gently for gradual integration of the black majority. His reasoned crusading earned him the wide respect of foreign colleagues and the disfavor of the government for the past dozen years.

Disfavor turned to harassment in 1965, when *Mail* Reporter Benjamin Pogrand wrote a series of articles exposing brutality and unhygienic living conditions in South Africa's jails. Gandar editorially demanded an inquiry. Instead, the government set up perjury trials for the ex-prisoners who had been interviewed. Four were convicted, and served sentences of up to 18 months. Then, Pogrand and Gandar were arrested under a law that makes it a crime to publish information about prisons without taking "reasonable steps" to verify accuracy.

During his eight-month trial, Gandar argued that he had corroborated the stories before publishing them and spoke of his paper's disclosures as being "in accordance with the role of the free press throughout the world." Surprise Witness William Rees-Mogg, editor of the *London Times*, praised Gandar's integrity and argued that "newspapers are concerned about people unable to defend their own interests."

All of this related only peripherally to the prosecution, which actually



GANDAR OUTSIDE COURT
Guilty of embarrassment.

seemed to be based on Gandar's past opposition to racial policies and the fact that the prison stories had been picked up by the foreign press. Editors, argued the prosecutor, should refrain from publishing material that might embarrass the government abroad.

Last week, after taking more than a month to write a decision that required seven hours to read (with time out for two tea breaks), the judge delivered his verdict: guilty of failing to take "reasonable steps" to verify the stories. Pogrand's sentence was suspended; Gandar paid a \$280 fine rather than spend three months in jail.

NEWSPAPERS

The Tribe Is Restless

Max Scherr, 53, is a lawyer who looks a lot like Allen Ginsberg and lays claim to being a Marxist. He owned the Steppenwolf bar in Berkeley for seven years but, so the story goes, the toilet in the men's room broke down one day in 1965, and rather than lay out the money to fix it, Max simply sold the place and started an underground newspaper, the *Berkeley Barb*. Max, it seems, has this thing about money: he refuses to spend it, on himself or anyone else. Featuring sex, rebellion and kinky ads, the *Barb* grew into a going enterprise with a circulation of 86,000, ad rates of \$450 a page and a net profit of about \$130,000 annually. But Max still refused to spread the bread further than the nearest bank. This time the toilet held out, but the staff's patience broke under the poverty.

Calling themselves the Red Mountain Tribe (in honor of their favorite wine), the 40-odd staffers submitted to Max's economy in the interests of freedom and underground rebellion. They supplied their own typewriters, accepted salaries ranging downward from \$80 a week—in the case of a dropout reporter from the *Chicago Daily News*, the remuneration of \$7.25 for three weeks' work on an investigative story later picked up by the overground press. "The *Barb* was a holy thing," says one tribesman. "A quest for the new life."

About a month ago they decided the new life was too much like the old life, circa the Depression. Someone asked Max for a \$5 pencil sharpener. Max replied: Let them use razor blades.

Up from Slavery. The result was a list of wage demands. Max consented, but in a Steppenwolf mood decided to sell the paper. Enter Timothy Leary and a rich friend who came to town to talk about buying the *Barb* for \$250,000 and turning it into a psychedelic-trip cheer for the acidhead community. Oh, no!, exclaimed the tribe, which wanted to make the paper into a kind of revolutionary New York *Times*. Leary and friend then became "honest brokers," suggesting that Max sell the paper to the tribe—for \$1,000 a week for 140

STEPHEN HARRIS



SCHERR AT HOME

This thing about money.

weeks, plus interest. The tribe had to debate that one. "Before, we were slaves," argued a tribesman. "If we take the offer, we'll have feudalism. Marx wrote that feudalism was a step up from slavery, so maybe we should take the offer."

Such logic carried the day, and the tribe began rounding up a syndicate of staffers and their families. Negotiations went smoothly until Max insisted on default clauses that would make the purchasers liable should the paper fail for any reason, from staff negligence to earthquakes to sheriff's raids. The tribe agreed to the first liability, but balked at taking responsibility for acts of God or Ronald Reagan. There the matter lay until one morning last week when the tribe arrived at the office to discover that Max had made off with the subscription lists, some ad copy and an office machine. "An act of aggression," one angry tribesman cried.

A Bourgeoisie Family. Max, of course, feels more aggrieved against than aggressing and claims that the staff have been blinded to the revolution by visions of their own gain. "I can't tell you how many times I've fed these people," he says. "For four years they've been coming to my house and my wife has been feeding them. She sends food to the office all the time. It's been like a family. Now they've got this bourgeoisie idea—they want to make the best possible deal."

For now, all deals are off and the tribe is preparing a *Barb* on *Strike* edition of the paper and thinking about starting their own weekly, called, naturally, *Tribe*. Max is trying to put out an edition of *Barb* on his own, which is about as likely as levitating the Pentagon with chants of "Om."

The moral of the story, as Max should have known after studying the contradictions of capitalism, is that any journalist denied access to a pencil sharpener will surely find another way to get the lead out.

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ART

ARCHITECTURE

The Idea-Giver

"Gropius," he would say by way of introducing himself, which often left the other person fumbling momentarily for the master builder's first names. It should have come as easily as Frank Lloyd. But where Wright designed soaring, poetic buildings that smote the eye and branded their creator's name in the memory, Walter Adolf Gropius was cogent. He was modern architecture's idea-giver, analytical thinker and greatest educator. Professionally active and alert to the end of his 86 years, he died in Boston of complications following heart surgery. There was no funeral in the usual sense. "Wear no signs of mourning," he had instructed. "It would be beautiful if my friends would get together drinking, laughing, loving—all more fruitful than graveyard oratory." And so, 70 friends gathered last week to feast and recall the great architect.

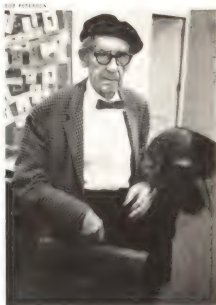
Immediate Landmark. Born in Berlin in 1883, trained there and in Munich, Gropius was quick to grasp the liberating potentials of fast-developing technology. In 1911, he designed with Adolf Meyer a shoe factory in Alfeld, Germany. Unlike most buildings of the time, which were held up by thick exterior walls, the structure was supported by Bessemer steel interior columns and beams and faced with a breathtakingly thin curtain of glass. It was bold, light,

airy—an immediate landmark. Soon after, Gropius produced another tour de force: a machine factory in Cologne whose façade was dominated by a pair of glass-sheathed spiral staircases that looked as cold and tense as ice around a coiled spring.

In 1919, Gropius founded the Bauhaus in Weimar, probably the most stimulating and revolutionary design school of all time. Artists Paul Klee, Josef Albers and Wassily Kandinsky taught alongside Architects Marcel Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, among others, sharing their excitement with one another and the students. They brought together all the arts: weaving and furniture-making, as well as graphics, painting and architecture. Their work, regardless of medium, material or size, recognized the force of industrialism and the beauty of the machine. It was an entirely new way of looking at the world.

From the Bauhaus drawing boards, lean, well-proportioned buildings came forth to challenge the Gothic, Baroque and neoclassic structures of the day. One of the best examples of the austere new look was Gropius' design for the Bauhaus' second home in Dessau. Flat-topped and structurally spare, the building had horizontal bands of windows that made it seem to hover effortlessly above rather than rest heavily on the ground. Such buildings had no more of a distinct national style than a locomotive, a chair, a doorknob, or any other machine-made object.

To Make a Baby. Gropius always resisted being credited with any style. Architecture, he believed, had to be a collaborative process, with the architect



GROPIUS IN 1967
Simply cogent.

as natural leader of a team including manufacturers of building materials, artists, scientists and sociologists. This was of course contrary to the old idea of the architect as solitary creator and was hard to accept. Frank Lloyd Wright, a noted individualist, once snapped: "Gropius, I suppose that if you were planning to have a baby, you would turn to a neighbor for collaboration." "I would," replied Gropius, "if my neighbor was a woman."

Though he was not Jewish, Gropius left Germany in disgust at the rise of the Nazis in 1934, worked in London



UNIVERSITY TOWER IN BAGHDAD



AMERICAN EMBASSY IN ATHENS

From cool functional logic, a new way of looking at the world.

for three years, then came to the U.S. In 1938, he accepted the post of chairman of Harvard's Department of Architecture, and the school quickly became the focus of young talent, including such now famous architects as Philip Johnson, Paul Rudolph, Ulrich Franzen, John Johansen and I. M. Pei. Gropius insisted that their work meet society's needs and that they move ahead alongside industry—until then largely overlooked by architects as a partner in their art. A technical innovation like the prefabricated glass-and-plastic façade, he knew, could be used as excitingly as hand-hewn marble. In this way, he prepared two generations of architects to meet the pressures of the post-war building boom and inspired them to want to produce beautifully.

For all his impact on architecture, practical success did not come for Walter Gropius until he was in his mid 70s. In 1945, he opened a Cambridge, Mass., office, called The Architects Collaborative, but his teaching left little time for commercial design. It was only after Gropius left Harvard in 1952 that the big, award-winning commissions started to come in the U.S. embassy in Athens, the University of Baghdad, academic buildings for Phillips Academy at Andover, Harvard and Brandeis Universities. At his death, his firm had \$315 million worth of work in progress, including a satellite city (named Gropiusstadt) outside Berlin, a vast medical complex in Boston, and the I.B.M. World Trade Center in Teheran.

In a sense, though, Gropius lived to

be disappointed. Rationality in architecture, which reached its peak with the highly disciplined, exquisitely refined towers of Mies van der Rohe in the 1950s, has been cheapened by the slick, boxy, formula buildings that proliferate in every city like frozen dinners in a supermarket. The architect's imagination is now captured by bold, brutal structures of raw concrete; or intricate multi-level structures, designed with the help of a computer; or "pop" buildings that seem to revel in the chaotic interplay of roof lines, angles, windows, colors. Yet all the architects who rebel against Gropius' cool, functional logic paradoxically owe to him their method and ethic. He laid, in the hard soil of reason, the strong and deep foundations for them to build on.

Original in a White Coat

THE disciplined design with which Walter Gropius re-fashioned architecture Laszlo Moholy-Nagy sought to extend to every visible element in the human environment. The two men had been kindred spirits ever since Gropius visited Moholy's first exhibition in Berlin in 1922, and invited the young Hungarian expatriate to join his staff at the newly formed Bauhaus. Moholy's acceptance sealed a friendship, rooted in a rare meeting of minds, that was to last until his death at 51 in 1946.

It was at the Bauhaus that Moholy's career took its essential form. If Gropius was the founding father, Moholy was the radical activist who translated idea into experiment. His assignment was the metal workshop, but by no means did he confine himself to metals. Murals, photography, films, ballet and stage designs, light and color, typography and layout all commanded his attention. He experimented with plastics in a day when they were considered a poor substitute for genuine materials, painted on aluminum, created complicated "light-space modulators" (see color opposite) that anticipated the light and kinetic sculptures of the 1960s. One day he ordered three geometric paintings from a sign factory by telephoning color and size specifications.

His purpose was to prove the relevance of mass-production technology to the artist's aims. How prescient that idea was can be measured by the fact that today the practice is a matter of course for many artists.

Last week Moholy's rare gifts as teacher, artist, designer and intellectual stimulus were remembered in a 127-piece retrospective exhibition at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art.* On view was a wealth of paintings, constructions, photographs, films, typographic and industrial designs touching upon every stage of Moholy's development as an artist, and documenting his conception of art not as object but as pure functionalism.

Harmonious Environment. Like his colleagues at the Bauhaus, Moholy believed that in creating a more harmonious environment he could bring out nobler aspects in the human profile. The ugly realities of Nazism cut the experiment short, but in 1937 Moholy-Nagy tried to reactivate the Bauhaus in Chicago. The student's first year, proclaimed the catalogue, would be devoted to his "spiritual preparation." Chicago was not Dessau, and the school folded in a matter of months. Moholy regrouped, and the following year opened the School of Design, which, with financial support from industry, emerged over the next decade as one of the finest of its kind in the U.S. Today the school is merged with the Illinois Institute of Technology.

To view Moholy within the limits of his paintings and constructions is to see but one aspect of an immensely versatile personality. Some of his more visionary notions were industrial designs—an engine fueled by sunlight, a motorless dishwasher, an infra-red oven that would cook dinner at the table. The creation of beautiful objects per se was never his intent. "I don't like the word beauty," he often declared. "Utility and emotion and satisfaction, those are more important words." At one point, he even foresaw a day when paint and brushes would be discarded, though he conceded that easel painting did, after all, provide a platform for the play of ideas.

Seen thus, his work is a catalogue of insights. "Art," he posted, "is the best education to refine the emotions." His own contributions to that refinement were hard, bright geometry, the equalizing of old and new materials, the applied and the fine arts. These qualities appeal not so much to the often fickle eye but to the intellect. "He was the original artist in a white coat," says the Museum of Contemporary Art's Jan van der Marck, "one of the first to place art in a laboratory situation."



MOHOLY-NAGY WITH ALUMINUM SCULPTURE IN 1946

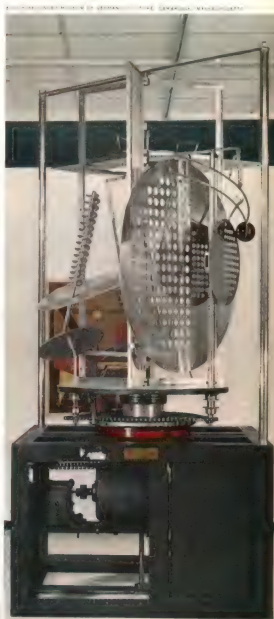
* The show will travel later this year to the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, the University Art Museum at Berkeley, the Seattle Art Museum, and the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York.



"Large Emotion Meter" (1920)

MOHOLY'S CONSTRUCTS

"AL II" (1926)



FRANK J. L. JONES

"Light-Space Modulator" (1921-30)



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EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Permanence for Hayakawa

In the age of television, image becomes more important than substance.

—S. I. Hayakawa

During his seven months as acting president of San Francisco State College, doughty Samuel I. Hayakawa, 62, proved that an artful semanticist can become a national symbol of campus peace—at a price. In suppressing bloody disorders, Hayakawa both entranced millions of outsiders and embittered his faculty and students. Last week the result won him a dubious prize that he actively sought. By a vote of 16 to 2, the State College Board of Trustees, headed by Governor Ronald Reagan, elected Hayakawa permanent president of S.F. State—a move that almost guarantees more strife.

Until last year, Hayakawa seemed quite unlikely to turn into a campus warrior. The Canadian-born son of a Japanese immigrant importer, he came to the U.S. for graduate study and taught college English in Chicago, where he also wrote a jazz column for a Negro newspaper. In 1941, he became a famous popularizer of semantics with his bestseller *Language in Action*. At S.F. State, which he joined in 1955, he was a part-time professor with no administrative experience.

Obvious Leader. What transformed Hayakawa was his gut reaction to one of the worst campus situations in U.S. history. By last November, S.F. State had run through six presidents in seven years. A student strike had been called by the supermilitant Black Students Union to enforce ten "non-negotiable" demands. Among them: an autonomous black studies department, full professor rank for the department head (who had been on the faculty less than one year), the firing of a white administrator and admission of all black students who applied for the next year. The militants enforced the strike with violent terrorist tactics, physical intimidation of non-strikers, invasion of classes, destruction of property.

Hayakawa urged the faculty to fight back—showing himself to be an obvious leader whom the trustees soon picked as acting president. When he took over, the campus had shut down—a battleground of arson, bombings and police raids. How would Hayakawa handle it?

Unlike other college presidents, Hayakawa devised a hard-line strategy of keeping police power on the campus at all times. His predecessors had called in the police on occasion, but during the height of the strike Hayakawa deployed as many as 600 police on campus or on call nearby. "The revolutionaries said they would destroy the college," he explained in testimony before a Senate

subcommittee. "I said they would not. We had police available before trouble started, instead of waiting for the situation to get out of hand."

Meanwhile he reopened the college, yielded on some student demands but rejected others. Always flamboyant and highly visible, he showed a gift for symbolism, appeared in a bright blue-and-red tam-o'-shanter, sometimes wore leis of flowers for press conferences, regularly delivered quotable and often provocative comments. Speaking of the day the first serious fighting occurred between police and students, he said, "This was the most exciting day of my life since my tenth birthday, when I rode a



PRESIDENT HAYAKAWA
Peace at a price.

roller coaster for the first time." After he had become known statewide and was denounced by blacks as "Uncle Tojo Tom," he jokingly told reporters that he represented "yellow power" and that he was "Emperor of California."

At that point, most students deplored the extremists' tactics and were interested only in continuing their education. But soon Hayakawa's tactics were also being questioned. Dealing firmly with all opposition, he invalidated a student election when candidates unfavorable to him won, called the strike leaders a "gang of goons and neo-Nazis," suspended the student newspaper for printing anti-Hayakawa editorials. When four of the college's five black administrators, who had wide student support, resigned, he said, "I am glad to see them go; we can do without them." These moves, together with his massive use of police and his growing support among conservatives, combined to turn many moderate students against him.

At the same time, he repeatedly ignored the expressed wishes of the faculty. When the college's Grievance and Disciplinary Action Panel, made up of faculty members, found him guilty on four charges and demanded his replacement, Hayakawa made a joke of the whole thing. The panel's findings were addressed to the president, so Hayakawa, in his capacity as acting president, wrote himself an elaborately sarcastic letter, chiding himself for carrying out what he believed to be his duty.

What counted with the board of trustees, where the final counting is done, was the fact that Hayakawa stopped the strike. The cost included 731 arrests, 120 casualties, numerous fires and fights. Outside politics had been injected into a supposedly apolitical institution, and many students and faculty members had gone over to the opposition; but a degree of order had been restored, and the college was functioning once again. As for public opinion, as opposed to campus opinion, a recent poll showed that Hayakawa is now second only to Ronald Reagan as the most popular man in California—and a hot prospect for the U.S. Senate race next year.

A Call for Revolution. After the trustees' vote, Hayakawa hailed his appointment as "a vote of confidence in my policies in defense of academic freedom." Members of the official S.F. State presidential selection committee, whose nominees had not even been interviewed by the trustees, were not impressed. They plan to suggest a faculty vote of no confidence, and they intend to call on the chancellor and trustees of the state colleges to revoke Hayakawa's appointment as illegal.

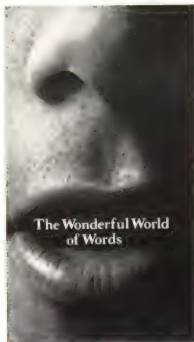
The new president's new problem is how to maintain the precarious order he has brought about. While he was only acting president, students and teachers who opposed him could look forward to a change. Now that he is permanent president, the "silent middle" may increasingly support the radicals who yearn for permanent chaos.

UNIVERSITIES

A New Dean at Ole Miss

In 1963, Dean Robert Farley was eased out of the University of Mississippi law school for insisting that James Meredith had a legal right to attend Ole Miss. As Farley's successor, the trustees appointed a safer man: Joshua M. Morse III, an Ole Miss alumnus and law professor who has opposed Farley's subversive ideas. But Dean Morse, now 46, soon showed signs of heresy himself. He strayed North for a year of graduate study at Yale law school, returned with a sense of social mission that dramatically changed Ole Miss—and has now doomed him to Farley's fate.

Morse, whose father was once Senator Theodore Bilbo's law partner, began by recruiting several bright young Yale-



The Wonderful World of Words

Human beings come in all sizes, a variety of colors, in different ages, and with unique, complex and changing personalities.

So do words.

There are tall, skinny words and short, fat ones, and strong ones and weak ones, and boy words and girl words.

For instance, title, lattice, latitude, lily, tattle, Illinois and intellect are all lean and lanky. While these words get their height partly out of "t's" and "l's" and "i's", other words are tall and skinny without a lot of ascenders and descenders. Take, for example, Abraham, peninsula and ellipsis, all tall.

Here are some nice short-fat words: hog, yogurt, bomb, pot, bonbon, acne, plump, sop and slobber.

Sometimes a word gets its size from what it means but sometimes it's just how the word sounds. Acne is a short-fat word even though pimple, with which it is associated, is a puny word.

Puny words are not the same as feminine words. Feminine words are such as tissue, slipper, cute, squeamish, peek, flutter, gauze and cumulus. Masculine words are like bourbon, rupture, oak, cartel, steak and shorts. Words can mean the

same thing and be of the opposite sex. Naked is masculine, but nude is feminine.

Sex isn't always a clear-cut, yes-or-no thing and there are words like that, too. On a fencing team, for instance, a man may compete with a sabre and that is definitely a masculine word. Because it is a sword of sorts, an *épée* is also a boy word, but you know how it is with *épées*.

Just as feminine words are not necessarily puny words, masculine words are not necessarily muscular. Muscular words are thrust, earth, girder, ingot, cask, Leo, ale, bulldozer, sledge and thug. Fullback is very muscular; quarterback is masculine but not especially muscular.

Words have colors, too.

Red: fire, passion, rape, explode, smash, murder, lightning, attack.

Green: moss, brook, cool, comfort, meander, solitude, hammock.

Black: glower, agitate, funeral, dictator, anarchy, thunder, tomb, somber, cloak.

Beige: unctuous, abstruse, surrender, clerk, conform, observe, float.

San Francisco is a red city. Cleveland is beige, Asheville is green and Buffalo is black.

Shout is red, persuade is green, rave is black and listen is beige.

One of the more useful characteristics of words is their age.

There's youth in go, pancake, hamburger, bat, ball, frog, air, surprise, morning and tickle. Middle age brings moderate, agree, shade, stroll and uncertain. Fragile, lavender, astringent, fern, velvet, lace, worn and Packard are old. There never was a young Packard, not even the touring car.

Mostly, religion is old. Prayer, vespers, choir, Joshua, Judges, Ruth and cathedral are all old. Once, temple was older than cathedral and still is in some parts of the world, but in the United States, temple is now fairly young.

Saturday, the seventh day of the week, is young, while Sunday, the first day of the week, is old. Night is old, and so, although more old

people die in the hours of the morning just before dawn, we call that part of the morning, incorrectly, night.

Some words are worried and some radiate disgusting self-confidence. Pill, ulcer, twitch, itch, stomach and peek are all worried words. Confident, smug words are like proud, major, divine, stare, dare, ignore, demand. Joe is confident; Horace is worried.

Now about shapes.

For round products, round companies or round ideas use dot, bob, melon, loquacious, hock, bubble and bald. Square words are, for instance, box, cramp, sunk, block and even ankle. Ohio is round but Iowa, a similar word, is square but not as square as Nebraska. The roundest city is, of course, Oslo.

Some words are clearly oblong. Obscure is oblong (it is also beige) and so are platter and meditation (which is also middle-aged). The most oblong lake is Ontario, even more than Michigan, which is also surprisingly muscular for an oblong, though not nearly as strong as Huron, which is more stocky. Lake Pontchartrain is almost a straight line. Lake Como is round and very short and fat. Lake Erie is worried.

Some words are shaped like Rorschach ink blots. Like drool, plot, mediocre, involvement, liquid, amoeba and phlegm.

At first blush (which is young), fast words seem to come from a common stem (which is puny). For example, dash, flash, bash and brash are all fast words. However, ash, hash and gnash are all slow. Flush is changing. It used to be slow, somewhat like sluice, but it is getting faster. Both are wet words, as is Flushing, which is really quite dry compared to New Canaan, which sounds drier but is much wetter. Wilkesburg, as you would expect, is dry, square, old and light gray. But back to motion.

Raid, rocket, piccolo, hound, bee and rob are fast words. Guard, drizzle, lard, cow, sloth, muck and damp are slow words. Fast words are

often young and slow words old, but not always. Hamburger is young and slow, especially when uncooked. Astringent is old but fast. Black is old, and yellow—almost opposite on the spectrum—is young, but orange and brown are nearly next to each other and orange is just as young as yellow while brown is only middle-aged. Further, purple, though darker than lavender, is not as old; however, it is much slower than violet, which is extremely fast.

Lavender is actually a rather hard word. Not as hard as rock, edge, point, corner, jaw, trooper, frigid or trumpet, but hard nevertheless. Lamb, lip, thud, sofa, fuzz, stuff, froth and madam are soft. Although they are the same thing, timpani are harder than kettle drums, partly because drum is a soft word (it is also fat and slow), and as pots and pans go, kettle is one of the softer.

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trained lawyers for his faculty. To combat Ole Miss's "provincial outlook," he got the Ford Foundation to put up \$500,000 for hiring more Yale teachers, plus 30 visiting lecturers from Harvard, Columbia and N.Y.U. The Morse mood attracted speakers like Charles Evers and Robert F. Kennedy, whose jibes at Governor Ross Barnett were cheered by 4,500 rebel students, among them sons of Mississippi's leading segregationists. At one point, the Ole Miss law school enrolled 15 black students—more than any other non-Negro law school in the U.S. Not only that: some faculty members became active in a legal-services program, sponsored by the Office of Economic Opportunity, which took on a school-desegregation suit in one Mis-



DEAN MORSE

Any offer would be better.

issippi county and challenged the residency requirements of the state's welfare laws.

The reaction was swift. Angry legislators complained about "socialistic, if not Communistic doctrines at the law school." The state board of higher education pressured Ole Miss Chancellor Porter L. Fortune, who then ordered all law teachers to choose between the school or the OEO. Last year two professors quit—and now Morse too has given in. Last week he moved to Tallahassee to become dean of Florida State University's law school. When asked about his decision to depart, Morse was brief and bitter: "I got a better offer."

Toward the end of Morse's tenure, virtually any offer might have looked attractive. While most other law faculty members recently received salary increases, he was pointedly denied one. When the state bar association held its annual gathering in 1968, he was not invited to speak—though the Ole Miss law school dean is traditionally a major figure on the program. The trustees began screening his faculty appoint-

ments, vetoing some of the men he felt would be most valuable. Morse did little for his cause with his abrasive, arrogant approach toward the old guard. He called one influential legislator a "rednecked lawyer."

Morse's successor is Joel W. Bunkley Jr., 52, a law faculty member for 23 years, who says, "I am proudest of all of one thing: that I am a Mississippian." Bunkley was appointed by Chancellor Fortune, who had repeatedly assured the 18 faculty members that he would not appoint a dean unacceptable to them. When the faculty was formally polled on eight candidates before the choice was made, the vote was more than 2 to 1 against Bunkley.

STUDENTS

Fighting Fashions

The politics of protest are becoming so ritualized that rookie rioters are now instructed precisely how to dress for disruption. As an instance, the combat veterans of the Michigan Regional Students for a Democratic Society recently issued a solemn guide to the latest fashions for summer riots and fall fracas. Items:

► Clothes should be loose for easy movement, particularly running. Motorcycle jackets offer good protection against clubs and Mace, but may cause heat prostration in hot weather. Clothes should have zippered pockets or none at all: "It's not unusual for the pigs to plant dope on people, and if they don't have any place to put it, it makes it harder."

► Helmets are a necessity. Motorcycle helmets are best, but football helmets or construction hard hats with chin straps will do.

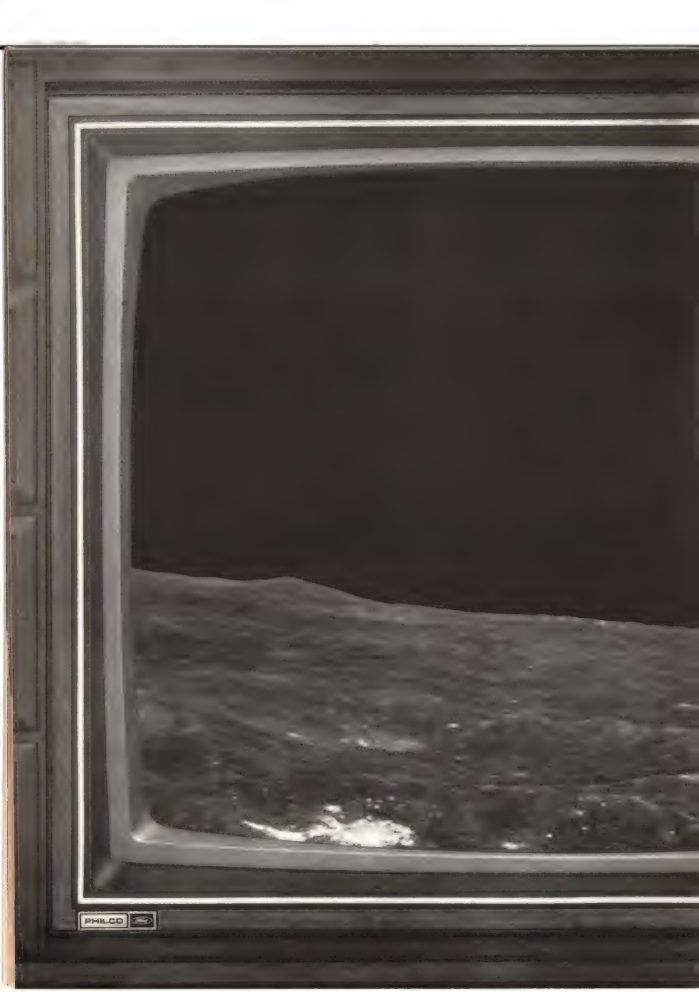
► Boots are recommended for running since they reduce the danger of twisted ankles. "If you lose a sandal, you're out of it."

► A wet washcloth carried in a plastic bag (to prevent evaporation) is great for protection against tear gas. "Vaseline can be used against Mace," says the guide, "but it compounds the damage from CS gas. Make up your own mind about this."

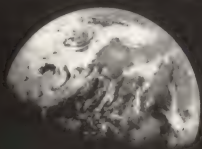
► "If you wear glasses, have a strap for them, and carry an extra pair." Contrary to liberated fashions, "women should wear bras, men jock straps or cups." Earrings are out, since they may be torn off in a scuffle.

► "Do not carry address books. The pigs will record every name in them. Do write on your arm some number where a lawyer or a friend can always be reached in case you're busted. Don't carry dope or accept it from anybody—likewise, don't take rocks or packages from anyone. If you do something you could be busted for, split—you don't know who saw you do it."

* Actually, Vaseline can worsen the effects of both Mace and CS if not wiped off immediately.



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THE LAW

FOREIGN LAW

Britain's "Release"

The twelve color photos showed a statuesque nude who had been gilded to look like the latest victim of Goldfinger. The spread appeared two years ago in the British magazine *Mayfair*. Today, recalling her youthful display, 23-year-old Caroline Coon says casually, "It's not the sort of image for a social worker, is it?" For Caroline is now a golden girl of another sort. As one of the organizers of a legal-aid agency called "Release," she has become a protector of youthful British drug addicts and pot users who are in trouble with the law.

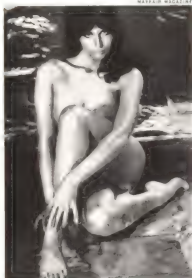
Founded by Caroline and a former art student named Rufus Harris, Re-

lease helps the accused apply for court-appointed counsel. But it also calls on five of its own solicitors who have compiled an impressive—if not universally welcomed—record. *New Society*, an influential sociological magazine, reports that not one first offender represented by Release solicitors on charges of possessing marijuana has so far been sent to prison.

Besides Release, the only agencies doing this kind of work in Britain are the small National Council for Civil Liberties and a few local church and welfare groups. In recent years, the British have not always lived up to their well-deserved reputation for fair play toward the accused criminal. They have not, for example, developed anything like

\$12 a week for herself, is Release's best fund raiser. The tall (5-ft. 8-in.) daughter of country gentry, she often makes pitches for funds during TV interviews, speaking a debutante English that is laced with junkies' slang.

She is already working on innovations in the Release program, among them a new contraception and pregnancy bureau. While abortions are legal in Britain under some circumstances, many doctors do not want to be bothered with the involved bureaucratic procedures that are required; those who do, often charge more than most young girls can afford. "We've got a doctor who will perform legal abortions at very reasonable fees," says Caroline. "Or if the girl wants to keep her baby, we know the right social agencies that will help her without leaning on her." With that kind of frank talk, plus her zeal and 24-karat charm, Caroline Coon is helping to remind her countrymen that they cannot afford to become too complacent about their cherished rights.



CAROLINE IN "MAYFAIR"



AT RELEASE OFFICE

Golden girl of another sort.

lease puts accused violators of Britain's narcotics laws in touch with lawyers and arranges for bail. From a four-room flat in London's Notting Hill Gate section, a staff of Release volunteers provides around-the-clock assistance. The agency advertises its phone number in the hippie press and at rallies organized to promote the legalizing of pot. It also circulates cards with advice to suspects. Example: "Request that any property taken from you is packaged and sealed in your presence," and "Be polite to police officers."

The Inarticulate Ones. In its first two years, Release has handled more than 2,000 cases. In more than 85% of them, it has helped bring about the release of defendants awaiting trial. More important, the agency has battled to secure representation for youthful suspects. Indigents have the right to free counsel in Britain, but only at the discretion of the court—and sometimes they are denied that right when minor

the body of Supreme Court case law that—at least in theory—restricts police in the U.S. Coon and Harris, in a paperback entitled *The Release Report on Drug Offenders and the Law*, claim that British bobbies at times break into homes without warrants and on the flimsiest evidence, often entering at night to heighten "the shock effect." Release is helping to discourage such arbitrary police behavior. "My impression is that the police are being much more careful with search and seizure," says Father Kenneth Leach, an Anglican curate in London's Soho district. "Release is reaching ordinary youthful offenders, the inarticulate ones who are most likely to be the victims of police abuse."

The agency has financed its achievements on a shoestring budget of about \$300 a week; the largest contribution that it has received to date is \$12,000 from Beatle George Harrison, who was recently fined for being caught with pot. Founder Coon, who draws only

ARRESTS

The Wrong Question

Tilford E. Dudley, 62, readily admits that "I always tease pretty girls." So when an American Airlines stewardess paused alongside his seat on a Boston-to-Washington flight two weeks ago and asked his destination, he flashed an elfin grin and replied with a question of his own: "How long does it take to Cuba?" A number of people have been escorted off airplanes in recent months for asking similar questions—Marlon Brando, for one. But Dudley was not quite prepared for what happened next.

Minutes after his exchange with the stewardess, three Massachusetts state police appeared in the aisle. They handcuffed Dudley, a descendant of the founder of Cambridge, a Harvard Law School alumnus and currently a United Church of Christ official. He was hustled off the plane, taken to a police station and booked for disturbing the peace. Police took his belt, glasses, comb and watch, then jailed him for two hours. "I thought they were joking," said Dudley, but he knew that they were not when one cop told him: "You be careful of what you say or we'll send you to a state insane asylum for 30 days examination."

In East Boston District Court last week, Dudley's lawyer argued that the charge of disturbing the peace has traditionally been brought only against those who are "inciting violence or making a loud outcry." Eleven witnesses testified that none of the other passengers had been upset by Dudley's remarks. Nevertheless, noting the rash of recent plane hijackings, District Court Judge Guy Rizzotto said: "Making a crack about Cuba in an airplane is the same as standing up in a theater and crying 'fire.'" Dudley was found guilty and fined \$200. He plans to appeal to a Massachusetts superior court.



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At Louisville in Kentucky © 1969.

MUSIC

PERFORMERS

Fireworks from the Battery

Chicago's Ravinia Park music festival looked like an Eastern bazaar. Strewn around the stage one evening last week were 47 pieces of Western and Oriental hardware: four full-grown timpani, four little timpani, three barrel drums, nine objects that resembled brass flower pots (they were Buddhist prayer bells), an array of bamboo, glass and wooden utensils, and lots and lots of gongs.

The occasion was the world premiere of a 20-minute *Concerto for Solo Percussion and Orchestra*. If the event had a distinctly Japanese flavor, that was understandable. The star of the evening was Solo Percussionist Atsuo Yamashita.

ATSUO YAMASHITA



YAMASHITA AT REHEARSAL
The choreography is great.

Yamashita, 22, who took on all 47 instruments, and the conductor was Seiji Ozawa. Even Composer Heuvel Tircuit had an Oriental background; now a music critic for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, he spent eight years as a percussionist with Japanese orchestras.

Dressed in a white tuxedo with black bellbottoms, Soloist Yamashita shuffled onto the stage, crouched behind his instruments while Ozawa unleashed a brass-heavy fanfare. After a menacing roll on the bass drum, Yamashita picked up speed and energy, began to ricochet from one instrument to another. Hair flopping, arms flying, he nudged, banged, tickled and teased the instruments. At one point he flailed away with both hands, simultaneously blowing onto bamboo sticks, kicking the prayer bells and rubbing his body frenziedly against the gongs. After it was all over, the au-

dience gave him a standing ovation. "I don't know that I like the music," commented one dazzled member of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, "but the choreography was great."

Though critics have always suspected that some conductors studied under ballet masters, Yamashita's debt to the dance world is legitimate. A musical prodigy who took up drumming at the age of twelve, he became timpanist with the Kyoto and Osaka orchestras two years later, studying ballet on the side. Soon after, Director Akira Kurosawa picked him to perform the score for the movie *Yojimbo*, and at 16 he made his first solo appearance, playing Milhaud's *Percussion Concerto* with the Osaka Philharmonic. He traveled to the U.S. in 1964 and won a scholarship to the Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan. Later on Yamashita founded his own jazz quintet in Boston.

From Kitchen to Dining Room, Yamashita is determined to transform "the kitchen" (musicians' derisive label for the percussion section) into a dining room. "If I play Beethoven's *Fifth* 500 times in my life as an orchestra percussionist, what have I achieved?" he says. Adds Composer Tircuit: "What can a percussionist possibly do with a bass drum that will be interesting for any length of time? We've got to try to find a way to write pieces that are musically meaningful."

Luckily for Yamashita and his fellow kitchen chefs, there is more creative music around for the forgotten men of the orchestra than ever before. Among composers of the past, Hector Berlioz was perhaps the first to pay much attention to the symphonic battery of drums. Later on, Stravinsky and Bartók proved that percussionists could do more interesting things than simply thump out a basic rhythm. Nowadays such avant-gardists as Pierre Boulez, John Cage, Luciano Berio and Karlheinz Stockhausen treat the percussionist as a performer with rights (and responsibilities) equal to any other soloist's.

"We live in a cacophonous age," says Saul Goodman, principal timpanist with the New York Philharmonic, another recognized master of the craft, "and people look for something more than Bach, Beethoven and Mahler. Percussion playing and writing seem to fill that desire."

POP

Futuristic Nostalgia

*In the year 2525, if man is still alive,
If woman can survive, they may find
In the year 3535 ain't gonna need
To tell the truth, tell no lies,
Everything you think, do and say,
Is in the pill you took today...*

As the song goes on, machines are doing all of man's work for him by 5555, artificial insemination is common-

place by 6565, and a thousand years later God is thinking maybe it's time for Judgment Day.

This futuristic ballad sounds as though it were composed by a computer at the Rand Corp., but *In the Year 2525* is the product of two country-pickin' guitarists from Lincoln, Neb., Denny Zager and Rick Evans, who a year ago were thinking about the future mostly in terms of the source of their next meal. Only last November, Zager, 25, and Evans, 26, were working as a duo, trying their best to please the regular customers in a Lincoln motel lounge. With a borrowed \$500 they recorded 2525, which has a simple and schmaltzy tune and a chugging, nostalgic instrumental backup right out of the early 1950s. They released the record on their own label (Truth), gave a copy to some friendly disc jockeys in Lincoln, then watched



EVANS & ZAGER RECORDING
The Beatles would be jealous.

it take off as a regional hit (11,000 copies sold).

Buoyed by their success, the boys sent copies to all the major record companies in New York and found a quick buyer in RCA. The company quickly put its considerable promotional weight behind 2525 and accomplished a feat that would have made even the Beatles jealous: last week, less than two months after its national release, the single had sold more than a million copies and had zoomed to first place on the *Billboard* Hot 100 chart. At the same time, RCA issued an LP combining 2525 with nine of Rick's other songs (no protest stuff, just reminiscences about love and other "Now subjects"). Everybody connected with the album was confident that it would do just as well as 2525. Especially Rick. "Nearly every song is profound," he said unflinchingly.

MEDICINE

SCHOOLS

Student Activists

"Medical students are ball bearings—smooth, round, all alike and never creating friction." So said an admissions official at a New York medical school a few years ago. There are still many aspiring physicians who are politically conservative and personally conformist and whose overriding concern is the second Cadillac. This summer, however, as many of the nation's 35,000 student doctors begin summer programs or internships, there is friction aplenty, and a

collect country-club memberships," says Dr. Merrell Flair, assistant dean of Northwestern Medical School. At Tufts, Dr. H. Jack Geiger, a professor in the department of preventive medicine, estimates that 20% of medical students are activists willing to spend time on projects of liberal bent, while another 20% are sympathetic.

For the new medical activists, the chief issues include the need for more elective courses, earlier contact with the patient and increased admission of minority-group students. Most important, the activists call for a radical reorga-

Work and Study. Off campus, medical activists are seeking to bring modern medicine to urban and rural slums. Sometimes the effort is made under university sponsorship, but often the initiative comes from the Student Health Organization, described by one educator as "the S.D.S. of the medical field," and the larger, more moderate Student American Medical Association.

S.A.M.A., an offshoot of the conservative A.M.A. with 27,000 members at 94 schools (v. a maximum of 3,000 at 30 schools for S.H.O.), has launched dozens of community projects. Under its auspices, 120 student doctors and nurses were fanning out last week through the poverty-stricken Appalachia region for two months of work and study with local doctors. Other S.A.M.A. summer projects include an eight-week work-study program in Washington, D.C., designed to give students firsthand knowledge of legislative and bureaucratic processes, and a medical-dental program at nine Job Corps centers from Los Angeles to New Jersey.

Some observers attribute the change in attitudes to the experience and example of the early civil rights workers, a number of whom are in medical school today. Harvard's Dr. Daniel H. Funkenstein, however, sees it as part of the emergence of "a new age of medicine," a "community era" in which adequate, humane health care will be available to everyone.

Like Dr. Funkenstein, many university officials welcome the activists. Others fear that activism may interfere with studies and contribute to a lowering of professional standards. "If students are to contribute to solving social problems, they will do it by being good physicians first," says Dr. Daniel Steinberg, professor of medicine at San Diego. Still others wonder whether students can maintain their social commitment all the way through medical school, internship and residency. Says Dr. Martin Cherkasky, chairman of the department of community health at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, "There will be a great change in American medicine if they do."

VIROLOGY

Toward a Hepatitis Vaccine

The liver disease known as hepatitis is a stubborn and increasingly common ailment. Infectious hepatitis, usually contracted from contaminated food or water, affected an estimated 100,000 people last year. The more virulent serum hepatitis, which is transmitted by contaminated blood transfusions and inadequately sterilized hypodermic needles, affected 5,000. At least 1,000 died from the two forms. Unable to identify the guilty virus, doctors could neither prevent the disease nor offer effective treatment. But now, as a result of a complex bit of medical detective work, researchers have isolated what appears to be the hepatitis virus. The development



ASPIRING DOCTORS & GHETTO PATIENTS
Reasonably civil, but every bit as insistent.

new, rough-edged type of student activist is very much in evidence.

Carl Nathan, a Harvard Medical School sophomore, is a lean, personable redhead who recently testified against the drug industry before a Senate subcommittee. He is plainly representative of the new type. "Some people think they are serving humanity by withdrawing from the world and studying all the time," he says. "Studies are important, of course, but you have a duty not to withdraw from everything else." Ken Rosenberg, a second-year medical student at Tufts, is far more radical than Nathan. His Cambridge apartment is a hodgepodge of stray socks, underground newspapers and books by Herbert Marcuse Rosenberg, uncertain whether to continue his studies, is taking next year off to think. "I want to work on understanding the medical system and see how I can break it."

Nathan and Rosenberg are far apart on many issues. But they share a deep concern for the state of medicine—and so do ever increasing numbers of their colleagues. "There are durned few students coming into medicine simply to

nization of existing medical and health services so that everyone will receive adequate care, regardless of ability to pay.

Thus far medical students have been reasonably civil in their confrontations with school authorities. But their demand for "relevance" is every bit as insistent as it is among undergraduates. "We spend eight weeks learning rat behavior and eight hours on child behavior," said a student at the University of California's new San Diego School of Medicine. "There's an extreme imbalance there."

To express their discontent, activists at several medical schools recently returned the little black bags full of medical equipment, each worth \$40, that the drug firm of Eli Lilly & Co. had given them. Others have concentrated on curriculum reform and participation in decision making. The 300 medical students at the University of Chicago achieved official recognition of their Council of Elected Representatives, then went on to win more elective courses. At Northwestern and San Diego, students demanded and got seminars on social issues in medicine.

of a vaccine against the disease should be only a matter of time.

The detective work began five years ago, when Australian National University's Dr. Robert Kirk collected blood specimens from a group of aborigines and sent samples to Dr. Baruch S. Blumberg at Philadelphia's Institute for Cancer Research. Blumberg, who was studying the effects of frequent blood transfusions for diseases such as leukemia, tested blood from many parts of the world. Of 24 samples examined, only one from an aborigine caused the test-tube reaction he was looking for. Blumberg found the cause to be an ultramicroscopic viruslike particle. He and Dr. Harvey J. Alter, of the National Institutes of Health (NIH), dubbed the particle "the Australia antigen."

That was in 1965. Now in recent issues of both the *A.M.A. Journal* and the British journal *Lancet*, teams from NIH and Columbia University have reported that, contrary to prevailing medical opinion, both infectious and serum hepatitis are probably caused by a single virus. That virus appears to be identical with the Australia antigen.

To prove the point, Dr. Richard J. Hirschman and his colleagues at NIH went back to an old and seemingly cold trail. In 1952-54, a study was made of hemophilia patients who contracted serum hepatitis from injections of an infected blood-clotting factor. The researchers took weekly blood samples but did not find the culprit; so they deep-froze the samples and stored them. In 1968 the 15-year-old samples were thawed out and tested for the Australia antigen. The viruslike particle was found in the blood of 46 (or 74%) of the patients.

Chronic Carriers. One nagging mystery remains: If the Australia antigen is indeed responsible for hepatitis, why is it found in so many apparently unrelated conditions? Hematologists, for example, found it in only one of 1,000 blood samples from healthy Americans, many of whom may have had a mild case of hepatitis without knowing it. The antigen was found in the blood of 30% of mongolism victims living in large institutions, which are often swept by viral epidemics. It is common among leukemia patients who presumably get it through transfusions. It was also discovered in 9% of patients with the "lion face" form of leprosy.*

The most likely answer, according to the researchers, is not that the virus causes such disorders. It is that victims of those diseases are especially susceptible to infection. The hepatitis virus thus finds them an easy target and can even make them chronic carriers.

Whether or not that answer survives further study, several other research groups have seen viruslike particles in blood samples containing the Australia antigen, and work toward the production of a hepatitis vaccine has begun.

* So called because the features swell and distort, giving a leonine appearance.

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RAMSEY (RIGHT AT HEAD OF TABLE) READING VOTE AT CONVOCATION
Chill all over from the choice.

RELIGION

ECUMENISM

Anglicans Vote No

In an age of ecumenism, it seemed a most reasonable proposition: that the Methodist Church of Great Britain, which began life as an 18th century reform movement within Anglicanism, should reunite with the Church of England, which had injudiciously let the reformers go in the first place. Last week the Methodist Conference in Birmingham and the Anglican Convocations of Canterbury and York, meeting in London, voted on the first stage of a two-step plan for union that the two churches had been working on for 13 years. For approval, both parties agreed that 75% of each church's total vote must be in favor. The Methodists voted in favor of union by 77%, but the Anglicans could only muster 69% to vote aye—effectively saying no.

The first stage of the reunion plan would have required Methodist acceptance of the Anglicans' "historic episcopacy"—a "service of reconciliation" recognizing the validity of each church's ministerial orders. This would have brought the two churches into "full intercommunion," which means that Anglicans could receive the sacraments from Methodist ministers, and Methodists from Anglican priests. Sometime later, the two church organizations would have formally united—a move that Methodists might well have rejected unless the Church of England abandoned some of its privileges as the nation's "established" church.

* U.S. Methodists have bishops, who are regarded simply as superintendents rather than as ordained spiritual descendants of Christ's apostles, which is the Anglican, Roman Catholic and Orthodox belief. British Methodists have never had an Episcopate.

Stumbling Block. Most Methodists were apparently able to accept a broad and unspecific definition of "historic episcopacy," which emphasized mainly the unifying virtues of church government by bishops. The stumbling block for many Anglicans was the proposed "service of reconciliation," in which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the president of the Methodist Conference would exchange a mutual "laying on of hands"; the Methodist president, during this service, would also accept episcopacy.

The ceremony was left purposely ambiguous, asking God to bestow "upon both the gifts which he has given each in our separation"—a formula that would allow conservative Anglicans to feel that the Methodists were getting Holy Orders, and Methodists to believe that they were not. But even Lord Fisher of Lambeth, the retired Archbishop of Canterbury who had proposed a formal reunion with the Methodists as far back as 1946, found the ambiguity unacceptable. The service, complained Fisher, "involves both churches in open double-dealing."

Harmful Example. The Anglican failure to muster a sufficient majority puts the entire proposal on ice—and could chill ecumenical projects elsewhere as well. Peter Day, the ecumenical officer of the Episcopal Church in the U.S., thinks the British example "is bound to have an adverse effect" on his denomination's role in the nine-church U.S. merger proposed by the Consultation on Church Union (TIME, March 28). But England's current Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey, was more hopeful; he described the 69% Anglican majority as "good enough to encourage another attempt with these same proposals in the near future." The Methodist approval

added considerable impetus. Said the President of Britain's Methodist Conference, the Rev. Brian O'Gorman, with a bit of pardonable one-upmanship: "The ball is in their court."

SECTS

Witnessing the End

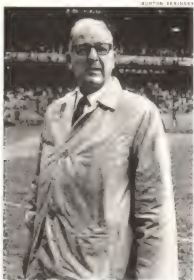
If this turns out to be the last time they all got together, the thousands of Jehovah's Witnesses, who gathered last week in New York City's Yankee Stadium for an international assembly will not be a bit surprised. In fact, they fully expect the cataclysm of Armageddon within the next few years. The latest calculations of this energetic, eschatology-minded sect date the end of the world in autumn, 1975.

Fearful as it may be to other religious believers, the end is a prospect that rejoices the hearts of the 323,688 U.S. members of the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, as the Witnesses are officially known (worldwide membership: 1,155,826). In 1914, according to the sect's calculations, "God's timetable" ushered in the last days. Ever since then, Witnesses have longed for the end of "this wicked system of things" and the beginning of the millennium. According to their literal interpretation of The Bible, based on *Revelation 14:1*,^{*} the Lord God will then pick 144,000 Witnesses to reign with Christ in heaven. The rest will remain on earth to convert unbelievers; at the end of 1,000 years, the wicked will be annihilated, while the saved will continue to enjoy a worldly Paradise. In his address on closing day to the week-long assembly of delegates from 78 countries, the sect's president, Pennsylvania-born Nathan H. Knorr, confidently discussed "The Approaching Peace of a Thousand Years."

Disciplined Theocracy. The New York assembly initiated a round of uplifting sessions of lectures and Bible dramas that the Witnesses will hold in 25 cities around the world, from Pomona to Paris to Papeete, between now and December. Under the supervision of a disciplined theocracy run by Knorr from Watchtower's sprawling Brooklyn headquarters, the Witnesses claim to preach their version of God's gospel in 200 lands.

More than most religious believers, the Witnesses are in almost constant trouble with the law, in the U.S. as elsewhere. They refuse military service, not on the ground of conscientious objection but on the dubious claim that every baptized member of the sect is a minister; as a result, a survey showed, 300 young American Witnesses were in jail last year for draft evasion. Currently, they are having difficulties with several African nations. In Zambia, for example, 3,700 Witness children were expelled from public schools for refusing to sa-

* "Then I looked, and lo, on Mount Zion stood the Lamb, and with him a hundred and forty-four thousand who had his name and his Father's name written on their foreheads."



KNORR

Soon to depart this wicked scheme.

lute the flag, which they refuse to do anywhere because it expresses the kind of allegiance that is owed to God alone.

Return Visits. With Armageddon so near, the Witnesses waste no time on the social-betterment projects that so concern other churches, instead concentrate on dogged street-corner and door-to-door evangelism. Last year, for example, Witness ministers spent 208,666.762 hours preaching, made 89,903,578 return visits to those interested enough to buy books or magazines, but recorded only 82,842 baptisms—over 1,000 return visits for each convert.

The Witnesses have what they believe is Scriptural proof that the end is coming. For one thing, their interpretation of Biblical chronology reveals that Adam and Eve were created in the autumn of 4026 B.C., or 5,994 years ago. Linking 6,000 years to the six days of God's creation, they believe it fitting that there be a sabbath-like rest thereafter, beginning in 1975—though Witnesses cautiously avoid a flat prediction linked to that year. What is more, Christ's promise that "this generation will not pass away till all these things take place" means that the generation alive in 1914, when the last days began, will see Armageddon. As they eye the thinning ranks of that generation, Jehovah's Witnesses are well aware the time limit is running out.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Challenge in Chur

Inside the imposing episcopal palace of the Alpine town of Chur, Switzerland, 112 cardinals, archbishops and bishops representing 18 countries gathered last week to discuss the crisis in the Roman Catholic priesthood. The delegates to the second Europe-wide symposium of the Catholic hierarchy had hoped for an atmosphere of ecclesiastical calm. But outside the palace were 70 priests (some of

them in sport coats and red ties), part of a protesting "shadow symposium" that had been hastily convened at a nearby hostel. Bullhorn in hand, French Dominican Jean Cardonnel, a fiery leftist whose Lenten address helped inspire last year's "May events" in Paris, set the tone of the protest. The servants of Jesus Christ, he said, were now joining the world's students and workers to demand better human conditions.

Led by radical groups from Holland, Belgium and France, the priests called for three basic reforms: the right of clergy to take a more active part in political and social affairs, an end to the rule of priestly celibacy and democratic election of church leaders. They also wanted to sit in at the symposium to discuss these demands, but the bishops voted to bar the rebel priests. A handful of liberal bishops did, however, push through a motion authorizing them to meet privately and unofficially with "shadow symposium" participants.

Sacred Outsiders. Even without the complaints of the rebels, the bishops heard some disturbing news about the state of Europe's lower clergy from a poll that had been taken to help in their deliberations. Dutch Monsignor Jan Dellepoort reported that in every European nation priests felt like "sacred outsiders, estranged from society." Many were undergoing grave crises of conscience over the wisdom or necessity of celibacy. The bishops were also aware of figures that the Vatican had confirmed a week earlier: in 1968 alone, 2,263 priests had requested release from the obligation of celibacy.

At the final session of the symposium, Belgium's Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens, one of the most progressive prelates in Europe, read a letter from Swiss-born Theologian Hans Küng warning that an increasing number of priests were determined to carry on with church renewal—with or without the bishops. Although the Chur delegates sat stonily silent as the plea was read, they did approve a cautious statement acknowledging that priests want an "authentic co-responsibility" within the church. But the bishops did not comment on the demands of the radicals, who made it clear they intend that their voice be heard. At week's end, the rebel clergy agreed to establish a permanent European Assembly of Priests, with headquarters in the Belgian city of Louvain.

The Bishop Who Was a Major

At first glance, the life story of Matthias Defregger would seem to be a German version of *The Cardinal*, that durable novel about clerical success. Born in Munich, he was a bright boy, the grandson of a successful 19th century Bavarian painter, the son of a well-known sculptor. Before World War II he studied philosophy at a Jesuit college. Drafted into the Wehrmacht, he was released from service in 1945 as a major, wearing the coveted *Ritterkreuz* (Knight's Cross). Then, at 31, Defregger decided to become a priest. He was or-

dained in 1949 and assigned to a small church in the Munich suburbs.

The young priest was a comer. In 1962, Julius Cardinal Döpfner appointed him vicar-general of the Munich and Freising archdiocese. Defregger proved to be a master administrator. During Döpfner's protracted visits to Rome for the Second Vatican Council, the stocky priest with the high intellectual forehead, the cool blue eyes and the gold-rimmed glasses began to seem the cardinal's alter ego. In 1968, the Vatican agreed that Defregger should be made a bishop. "With the gift of your heart and your intelligence," wrote Pope Paul VI in his accreditation, "you appear to us especially suited for your office."

Servant of All. For his motto, the new bishop chose (*Omnia servus* (Servant of All). He worked as hard as ever, but carried his duties with a light bonhomie. In the evening he was frequently seen at the theater or concerts, and occasionally he indulged in a bit of mountain climbing. About the only excess that some Munichers objected to in Defregger was the fondness he bore for his former military connections. He celebrated Mass for the annual reunions of his old army outfit, the 114th Jäger (Sharpshooter) division, and regaled them with rousing, nostalgic sermons. "What the dust of the Russian steppes, the fields of the Caucasus, what the bursting of the grenades have wrought," he once told them proudly, "will withstand the pragmatic materialism of our time." Last week, though, Defregger was rudely reminded of quite a different aspect of his military career. The German newsweekly *Der Spiegel* broke the story that shortly before his consecration, the Frankfurt Crimes Department had investigated Defregger on suspicion of wartime murder.

The case involved the little Apennine mountain village of Filetto di Camarda, 100 miles northeast of Rome. In 1944, Defregger was a captain in command



BISHOP DEFREGGER

The villagers, at least, were forgiving.

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of an intelligence company in the area. On June 7 of that year, Italian partisans had shot at least one German soldier in a radio transmitter unit of his company. According to Defregger's own account in *Der Spiegel*, there had been four victims, not one; the division commander retaliated by ordering the captain to "pick up 20 to 22 local men in the 20-to-50 age group and execute them." Eventually, 17 men, ranging from 17 to 65, were shot, and much of the village was burned.

Last week, as criticism grew in Munich, Cardinal Döpfner came to his assistant's defense with an impassioned plea for understanding. According to the cardinal, the division commander had first ordered Defregger to shoot all males in the village. He had refused, and the number to be executed was lowered. When he still refused, the general sent staff officers to see that the reprisals were carried out. Defregger objected again, but finally, and reluctantly, passed on the order to a lieutenant. "He himself," noted Döpfner, "did not participate in the executions."

According to Dietrich Rahn, Frankfurt's chief prosecutor, Defregger's involvement might have been, at the very most, manslaughter, a crime for which the German statute of limitations expired in 1959. Döpfner, who shocked many Catholics by admitting that he had known about Defregger's military history all along, said he was convinced that "according to international law, no criminal action has taken place." He also reminded his Munich flock that the 114th, an antipartisan outfit with a reputation for ruthlessness, had been engaged in "an especially dangerous withdrawal operation . . . It is almost impossible for us outsiders to identify ourselves with the situation during a partisan war." Indeed, the 114th Division had become so brutal, one veteran recalled, that anyone who refused an order "was stripped of his shoulder boards and shot on the spot."

Under the Bridge. The villagers of Filetto di Camarda were perhaps more ready to forgive than some of Defregger's own countrymen. Though a few of them called for revenge, and a survivor provided *Der Spiegel* with lurid details about the executions, one old lady spoke for many when she said, "For us, it is all water under the bridge." It was not quite so in Munich, where the city's powerful daily, *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, called for the bishop's resignation, and some Catholics whose children had been confirmed by Defregger demanded that their children be administered the sacrament again. Prophetically, Defregger's last public speech six weeks ago had noted that in a time when the church is being pilloried, "we who want to help the church must be ready to be pilloried ourselves." Matthias Defregger was reported to be on retreat in an Alpine monastery last week; but even away from the furor, he was clearly among the pilloried.



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BEHAVIOR

ATTITUDES

Why People Don't Help

It was a hard murder to forget. Thirty-eight people passively watched as a man stalked, stabbed and killed Kitty Genovese, 28, in the predawn darkness of the Kew Gardens section of New York City five years ago. All heard her screams; none came to her aid. Since then, the paralysis of the innocent bystander has spurred psychologists to investigate man's unfortunate proclivity for playing the Bad Samaritan.

Why do people fail to help their fellow man? Fear, apathy and indifference are not quite the answer. Instead, the scientists' experiments show that the average citizen's instinctive concern for his fellow human beings is too often restrained by a taut, subtle web of social pressures. Particularly in groups and crowds, write John M. Darley of Princeton and Bibb Latané of Ohio State in a recent and already classic report, "until someone acts, no one acts."

Sleeping Smoke. Even the act of seeing an emergency is surprisingly difficult, Darley and Latané point out. "Americans consider it bad manners to look too closely at other people in public," the scientists write, "and are embarrassed if caught doing otherwise." What people do see is often ambiguous. Smoke seeping from a building may mean a fire or a broken steam pipe; a man sprawling in a doorway may be having a heart attack, or may be just sleeping off a bender. In trying to decide whether a situation is critical, the researchers say, "a person often looks at those around him to see how he should react himself. In general, it is considered embarrassing to look overly con-

cerned, to seem flustered, to 'lose your cool.' A crowd can thus force inaction on its members by implying, through its passivity and apparent indifference, that an event is not an emergency."

In one experiment conducted by Latané and another colleague, college students in a waiting room heard a tape recording that simulated the sounds of a woman climbing onto a chair to reach a stack of papers. She fell, injured her ankle, and began to moan. "Oh my God—my foot! I . . . can't get this thing off me." Seventy percent of the people who were waiting by themselves offered help; with another person in the waiting room, only 20% showed their concern.

Even without group pressure, notes Stanford Psychologist Philip Zimbardo, people will rarely intervene in an interfamily situation for fear of violating a social code. Husbands and wives can literally beat each other to death before most outsiders will step in: recent studies of the estimated more than 30,000 "battered children" injured by parental abuse every year indicate that as many as 4,000,000 people were familiar with at least one such case of family violence and that most of them did nothing.

Helping others is not encouraged by law, as many people are aware. In most states, good Samaritans who intervene can be sued for their trouble and must bear the cost of any injuries they may suffer. Helpers weighing the possible risks of intervening are also concerned about losing their freedom, says University of Wisconsin Psychologist Leonard Berkowitz. When one person helps another, says Berkowitz, the helper almost inevitably feels that he has come

under the sway of the person whom he is assisting.

What kind of a man surmounts these constraints? One rather circular answer is a man who sees someone else do it. Northwestern University's James H. Bryman discovered that the proportion of people who stopped to aid a woman driver struggling with a flat tire increased if they passed another woman farther back who was already getting help. Columbia Teachers College Psychologist Harvey Hornstein has experimentally "lost" 500 wallets around New York City during the past two years. His studies show that finders who think that others have been helpful in similar situations are most likely to mail the wallet back.

The nature of altruism itself is the topic of increasingly sophisticated research; eventually, they may reveal how more people can be encouraged to leave the crowd and take the crucial first helpful step. Meanwhile, Latané and Darley contend that being aware of these antisocial pressures is the first step toward resisting them. Thus prepared, they contend, "we can choose to see distress and step forward to relieve it."

The Proof of Parkinson

In 1955, British Historian C. Northcote Parkinson pockishly formulated the basic law of bureaucracy that bears his name: work expands to fit the time at hand for doing it. Parkinson himself regarded his "law" as satire; inevitably, several American psychologists have decided to take it seriously. What is more, they have not only proved, at least to their own satisfaction, that the theory is true, but have extended it.

One of those investigators is Social Psychologist Elliot Aronson of the University of Texas, who became interested in the law after suffering through a Parkinsonian procrastination of his own making: he took three desultory summer weeks to prepare a lecture that could have been written in three hours. Deciding to test the work-delaying proclivities of others, he divided a number of volunteer students into two groups. Those in one section were allowed five minutes to prepare a talk on the subject of smoking; the others were given 15 minutes for the job. Aronson then gave each group a new but similar chore, allowing them to take as much time as they wanted. The five-minute students managed to finish the job in accordance with their original deadline; the others, having initially decided that the job required more time, took an average of eight minutes to complete the assignment.

Aronson and some bemused colleagues report in the current *Journal of Applied Psychology* that they have now tested Parkinson's principle under laboratory conditions, with the same discouraging results. "Not only does a piece of work expand to fill the time available," Aronson notes, "but once it has expanded it continues to require more time." He hopes that his explorations



MANHATTAN WORKMAN IGNORING MUGGING
Unfortunate proclivity for playing the Bad Samaritan.

of human work habits may explain why and how people fall prey to procrastination. Meantime, he has started giving himself firm three-hour deadlines to prepare his lectures.

THE BODY

Controlling the Inner Man

Through the cerebrospinal nervous system, the mind is able to dominate much of the body: how a man walks, talks, or wiggles his fingers is controllable by reason and will. But the body's glandular and visceral processes—run with sovereign independence by what scientists call the autonomic nervous system—have long been considered beyond the reach of conscious control. The only exceptions, it was thought, were bizarre and inexplicable cases, such as the Indian yogis, who can regulate their heart-beat and their breathing. Now, though, experimental psychologists have proved that the body's autonomic system can, in fact, be taught—although as yet they are not sure how or why.

Internal Vocabulary. The results of such experiments tend to support the theory of mind over matter, so long ridiculed by modern science. "People are re-examining old concepts like mind-body dualism," says Dr. Bernard Engel of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development in Baltimore. Engel's work in "autonomic shaping" has enabled him to alter heart rates and rhythms to alleviate irregular heartbeats and high blood pressure in certain patients. Other researchers are proving—contrary to expert opinion of the past—that man can learn to control even such functions as sweating, blood pressure, intestinal contractions and brain waves.

Though the exploration of autonomic control is still in its infancy, the vistas it opens are staggering. Dr. Joe Kamiya of the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco, who has experimented with conscious regulation of brain waves, looks forward to the day when man will have "an internal vocabulary, a language he can use to explain more effectively and completely how he feels inside. In time, we should be able to talk fluently about feelings such as brain-wave production, blood pressure and so on."

Kamiya's experiments are typical in several respects of all autonomic-research methods, which employ what is known as operant conditioning or instrumental learning. A monitoring device (Kamiya frequently uses an electroencephalograph) is attached to a subject, who is told that a tone will sound when he is in a certain "state" and that the tone should sound for as long as possible. But the subject is not told the nature of the state, or how to attain it. Kamiya then sets the monitor to sound when the subject's brain waves are in the alpha range of eight to twelve cycles per second. In one test, eight of ten subjects were able to control the tone, emitting or suppressing brain waves



KAMIYA WIRING SUBJECT
The vistas are staggering.

as requested. They were unable to say exactly how they gained such control; they simply wanted to keep receiving the proper feedback from the tone.

Learned Response. Dr. Peter Lang, research professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, has applied autonomic learning to control the human heart rate. Attached to a monitor, a subject is told to watch a TV-like screen and to make the moving lines on it shorter, corresponding to a slower heart rate. Without any conscious effort or muscle tensing, the lines shorten, the rate slows, the subject becomes able, as Lang puts it, "to drive his own heart." Lang has not probed for an explanation beyond showing that the changing heart rate is indeed a learned response. The unconscious nature of the autonomic system is such, says Lang, that subjects might do better if they were unaware of what exactly is happening to them or what is being demanded of them.

Another researcher, Dr. David Shapiro of the Harvard Medical School, has trained subjects to raise and lower their blood pressure in response to a tone feedback. Shapiro is hopeful that persons suffering from chronic high blood pressure may one day learn to lower it at will, but clearly much more will have to be known about the autonomic system itself. Theoretically, man may someday be able to control his internal processes to relieve insomnia, regulate constipation and improve sexual response. But, warns Dr. Neal E. Miller of Rockefeller University, who has done much of the seminal research to date in this field, "the question now is whether autonomic learning can be effective enough to be of real therapeutic value, whether it can alter functions permanently and quickly enough to help. We don't know yet."

THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

The Latest Pinters:

Less Is Less

In the past, the silences in Harold Pinter's scripts have often suggested more than the words he has written. Now, in two short plays premiered in London by the Royal Shakespeare Company, Pinter has in effect written the silences and let the words fill in suggestively. Such a drastically reductive approach yields spare shards of poetic realism, reminiscent of the prose of Joyce and Beckett. But it also demonstrates a rather arid point: in esthetics it is not always true, as Mies van der Rohe once said, that less is more. Sometimes it is less.

The curtain raiser, appropriately titled *Silence*, presents two men and a woman (Anthony Bate, Norman Rodway, Frances Cuka) seated in the disembodied setting of a hazily mirrored stage and backdrop. They all have monologues to recite about loneliness and remembered passion. But each monologue is fragmented, interspersed with the others, phrased sometimes from the point of view of age, sometimes of youth—and always arranged around tense, troubled silences. Under Peter Hall's sensitive direction, it soon becomes evident that Pinter is using these jagged aural spaces to signify not only the passage of time but also the distance between people and the emptiness of their worlds. But where does he go from there?

On *Separate Islands*, He goes into the more substantial second play, *Landscape*. Here an estranged servant couple (David Waller, Peggy Ashcroft) are living in a now empty house in the country, measuring out their middle age in walks to the pub and vigils by the window. Their respective emotional landscapes—again, sketched in interlocking monologues—are as refracted as John Bury's setting, which strands them on separate domestic islands in the same wide kitchen.

She remembers with exquisite intensity a deserted beach, a lover's touch, "the silence of the sky in my eyes." He gives a bluff account of a pond in the nearby park, some sniggering adolescents, the excrement of ducks. Dame Peggy makes her lines into the soliloquy of a Molly Bloom. Both casts have to make the most of the unspoken word, but the best-modulated pauses of all are hers.

In the end, *Landscape*, like *Silence*, offers only what it offers in the beginning: skillful but schematic juxtapositions of crudity and tenderness, aspiration and loss, memory and desire. Their meaning may be clear, but when they are left undeveloped and unresolved, such juxtapositions are all workmanship and no play. The audience gets the point—but it gets very little else.



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MILESTONES

Born. To John D. ("Jav") Rockefeller IV, 32, son of John D. III and nephew of Republican Governors Nelson and Winthrop, himself recently elected Secretary of State of West Virginia on the Democratic ticket, and Sharon Percy Rockefeller, 24, daughter of Illinois' Republican Senator Charles Percy: their first child, a boy; in Charleston, W. Va.

Born. To Zoe Caldwell, 35, Australian actress who won a Tony for her first big Broadway hit, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, and Robert Whitehead, 53, her producer in the play: their first child, a son; in Manhattan.

Divorced. By Lilly Pulitzer, daughter of Millionaire Horseman Ogden Phipps and a successful businesswoman in her own right as designer of subtly sophisticated casual clothes: Herbert Pulitzer Jr., grandson of the famed St. Louis publisher; on grounds of extreme cruelty; after 17 years of marriage, three children; in Miami.

Died. Howard Luck Gossage, 51, off-beat adman, who was one of the first to demonstrate that copywriting can be low-key, literate and fun: of leukemia; in San Francisco. Gossage, a onetime radio adman, and Partner Joseph Weiner opened a small West Coast firm in 1957 and proceeded to break all the rules, often pussyfooted so softly that it was hard to tell just what they were selling. For an Oregon brewer they campaigned to "Keep Times Square Green"—with Oregon trees; for Paul Masson brandy they knocked vodka ("If you can't see it, taste it, or smell it, why bother?"); for a San Francisco FM radio station they dreamed up the Bach and Beethoven sweatshirts that swept the country.

Died. Robert ("Red") Rolfe, 60, baseball great, from 1934 to 1942 third baseman for the then peerless New York Yankees; of cancer; in Laconia, N.H. Though Rolfe was primarily a glove man, he was also a threat at bat (.289 lifetime average) and noted for his game-winning hits. He helped the Yanks to six pennants and five World Series titles, then as a manager in 1950 startled the baseball world by finishing second with a mediocre Detroit Tiger club that had finished fourth the year before. In 1954, he returned to his alma mater, Dartmouth College, where he served as athletic director for 13 years.

Died. Gladys Swarthout, 64, glamorous diva of the Metropolitan Opera from 1930 to 1945, whose rich mezzo-soprano was matched by a striking, auburn-haired beauty; of a heart attack; in Florence, Italy. Born in Deepwater, Mo., Miss Swarthout started her singing career in her home-town church choir; then joined the Chicago Civic

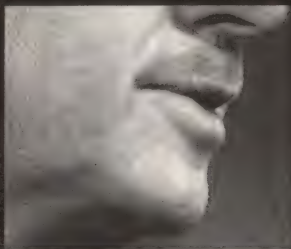
Opera in 1924 and learned more than 20 complete roles in her first year. By 1929 she was with the Met, winning acclaim for her roles in *Norma*, *Faust*, *Lakmé*, *Romeo and Juliet* and particularly *Carmen*. Between performances, she popularized opera on radio, starred in movies, and went on innumerable concert tours. "There is a feeling, particularly around New York," she once said, "that audiences around the country want only the potboilers and insist on them. This simply isn't true."

Died. Herbert Hoover Jr., 65, son of the 31st President, former Under Secretary of State (1954-57), and successful geologist and engineer; of cancer; in Pasadena, Calif. When his father entered the White House, Hoover was 25 and had already set about carving out a career; he made his professional mark in the scientific and administrative sides of mining. Avoiding politics, he sought the ingredients of what he considered a happy life: "The outdoors, far away places, and mining engineering." It was his mining experience that prompted John Foster Dulles to send him to Iran in 1953 as a trouble-shooter in the long-standing oil dispute. His success in that job led to his appointment as Dulles' Under Secretary.

Died. Leo McCarey, 71, screenwriter and director; of emphysema; in Santa Monica, Calif. McCarey said that every film should be something of a fairy tale and he was as good as his word in *Belle of the Nineties*, *Ruggles of Red Gap*, *The Bells of St. Mary's*, *The Awful Truth* and *Going My Way*, the last two of which won him Oscars. "I'll let someone else photograph the ugliness of the world," he once said. "It's larceny to remind people of how lousy things are and call it entertainment."

Died. Wilhelm Backhaus, 85, German patriarch of concert pianists and the century's foremost interpreter of Beethoven; of a heart attack; in Villach, Austria. When Backhaus was eight, the noted pianist-composer Arthur Nikisch wrote to him that "whoever plays the great Bach so well when so young will surely make his way later on." The assessment was overly modest. In a career spanning three generations, Backhaus won acclaim for his masterful interpretations of virtually all the great composers. But his deepest dedication was to Beethoven, whose sonatas he played with great clarity of style and breadth of emotion. He gave his last concert in Ossiach, Austria, just a week before his death, and though the frail old man nearly fainted at one point, he continued to play. "Music," he told friends afterwards, "has always been my best therapy."

Died. Walter Gropius, 86, fountain-head of modern architecture (see ART).



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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

The Big A

He still refers to longtime customers differentially, by their last names. Mrs. Onassis. Mrs. Paley. The Duchess of Windsor. They would not know his own surname—Sardina—from a sign of the Zodiac or a veal sauce. By his first name there is no mistaking Designer Adolfo, currently the big A of fashion.

The midi-dress and the maxicoat, harem pants and bolero jackets—all are credited to Adolfo. His lace and organdy blouses, gingham dirndl skirts and big-brimmed straw hats have turned teeny-boppers into minor Elvira Mad-

someone else's house was painful," he says. "Today I am my own boss and I do not have to account to anyone else."

The Adolfo salon proved such an instant success that Blass was repaid in full in less than a year, and Adolfo settled down to a clientele so devoted, he had almost no need to advertise. Word of mouth, from the right mouths, was enough. "My customers are my public relations," he says. "I don't call them. They call me." It might be Manhattan Socialite Mrs. Joseph A. Meehan, who once dashed in, Adolfo remembers, needing "something amusing to wear to a Mideastern party in Southampton. We put our heads together and came

ing his salon a club and his regular clients members, he confesses that "Membership in the club is never filled. People who come here simply because they feel it's the thing to do" however, need not apply. "This type of person," Adolfo says, "is immature and indecisive."

Fortunately, there are Adolfo boutiques in 15 Saks Fifth Avenue stores across the country, where indecision can still be served.

RESORTS

Antiquity-sur-Mer

From the Bay of St. Tropez, the little settlement of Port Grimaud is a palette of ancient Mediterranean pastels; its houses are tall, tiled and close-standing; sailboat masts bob gently above their rooftops. At dusk, old-fashioned gas lamps (converted to electricity) glow softly. The impression of a quaint old setting is so strong that many visitors are convinced they are in a rebuilt medieval village. One tourist last week asked his wife whether she did not remember seeing the place in ruins five years ago, and insisted. "They've done a wonderful job of restoration."

The wife remembered no ruins at all, and she was right. Three years ago there was no Port Grimaud—only a swamp. Since then, a master promoter has created instant antiquity on a 105-acre network of canals and quays. The canals evoke Venice; the squinched-together houses say Portofino, and the town hall is admittedly Mallorcan Municipal. Some find the pastiche unattractive—"A patent fraud," sniffs London's Sunday Observer, "the most magnificent fake since Disneyland." Nonsense, says Baroness Marie-Antoinette de la Paumelière, who moved to Port Grimaud after 30 years at St. Tropez. "On its first birthday Port Grimaud already had a soul. This is the first time in my life that I've seen something new in France that is lovely and agreeable."

All of this is just water off the oilskins of François Spoerry, the man responsible for the Riviera's most spectacular new marina. Spoerry, 56, is an Alsatian architect and boat nut. He bought his swamp (for \$600,000) in 1966; he dredged it and built the quays; he designed the houses and has been putting them up ever since. "I have tried to integrate the boat into the life of the vacation house," he says. "I built Port Grimaud for people who love sailing and the sea." And naturally, for profit.

By 1971 there will be 1,700 houses. All that the space can hold. People are buying them as fast as they're built, which is at a one-a-day rate. Most are two-level, three-room "bungalows" or larger "fisherman's houses," with price tags between \$36,000 and \$50,000—twice what they cost in the beginning, when Spoerry had to sell below cost to lure buyers. Some run as high as \$150,000.

To avoid monotony, the houses have different window arrangements and varied heights, as well as variety of color.



ADOLFO'S FRINGED VEST



PATCHWORK DRESS



MUFFLER & HAT

He doesn't call them—they call him.

igans. This spring it was the patchwork look—on full-length skirts and matching shawls—that put new life into quilting bees and earned for Adolfo a Coty Award. Last week he presented his fall collection: jeweled vests with fringe to the floor, blown-up fur berets and scarves, including everyday kerchiefs, monogrammed boas and a nine-foot muffler of patchwork mink.

Mad Hatter. Adolfo started at the top, with hats. Now 36, the Cuban-born designer came to the U.S. 17 years ago after a short-lived apprenticeship ("picking up pins" is how he describes it) with Paris Couturier Balenciaga. He checked into a job in the millinery department of Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman. Six months later he checked out of Bergdorf's and into the hat firm Emmie as chief designer. But eight years of turning out nothing but millinery designs left him a grumpy, if not downright mad hatter; he accepted \$10,000 in cash from Seventh Avenue Designer Bill Blass and set up his own business in 1962. "Closeted in

up with harem pants." Or Philadelphia *grande dame* Mrs. T. Charlton Henry, in search of something to jog in, Adolfo produced a one-piece, black knit jump suit.

Open Membership. Heiress and Artist Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper enthusiastically endorses Adolfo's notion of dressing in accessories by putting together what she calls "bits and pieces." She provides the bits, Adolfo the pieces. It was Gloria Cooper who caught on early to the patchwork craze, scoured antique shops for rare quilts, and had Adolfo whip up a basic wardrobe of 14 evening skirts for her. "It's kind of spooky—like osmosis," she says of the relationship, "the way we think alike about color and fabric." And, as if that were not enough, Mrs. Cooper adds, "There is so much pleasure and so much fun in spending less."

Adolfo's prices, though higher than ready-made clothes, are considerably lower than couturier fashions. A maxicoat can be had for \$325, a blouse for \$90. And though Adolfo is fond of call-

TELEVISION

COMEBACKS

Peace, Old Tiger

TV hardly seems to miss Howdy Doody, Fulton J. Sheen, Milton Berle or *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. But then there is Dave Garroway. Rising out of Chicago in the late 1940s, he blazed the interview show trail with a quelling curiosity, melodious baritone voice, quiet manner, and a mind like spun glass—intricate but clear. Plus, of course, thick-rimmed glasses that gave a whole generation of imitators that owl-like look. After 1961, when he felt compelled to quit because of his wife's death, he became just a memory. Yet even today, when a videophile hears a few bars of *Sentimental Journey*, Garroway's theme, the response can only be the Garroway greeting ("Hello, Old Tiger") or farewell ("Peace").

Now his fans no longer have to rely on memory. The man who became his era's favorite radio disk jockey, then gave television *Garroway at Large* and launched the *Today* show is back at work in a 90-minute, late-morning local show in Boston.

Music, Demo, Talk. Although he hopes to be syndicated and eventually perhaps make a network comeback, he is starting in modest style. Instead of yesterday's *Today* army of 116 staffers, Garroway gets along with just six in Boston. The format, in TV jargon, is "music, demo, demo, talk, talk"—guest singer or jazz group, a visual demonstration of something like glassblowing or astronomy, and the inevitable circuit-riding horde of authors promoting books or public figures pushing causes. Garroway calls it the "desk and sofa concept," and he certainly should know. Yet his taste, often waggish, brings in such atypical guests as the proprietor of an ant colony, the mother of 23 children, a pewtersmith, a psychiatrist discussing transvestites and an 88-year-old barbell buff.

His scientific prize so far is a dummy of the late Albert Einstein, borrowed from a local wax museum. Garroway sat the dummy down, leaned over cozily, and began a conversation: "I remember that once you wrote on a blackboard a little equation— E equals mc squared—and there were, I think, just eleven men in the world who were wise enough to understand it at the time. You'd be glad to know that my son quotes it frequently, and other schoolboys do too. He and others remember some of your other words. What you said about God, for example: 'I cannot believe that God would choose to play dice with the world. Nature is subtle, but never malevolent. Science without religion is lame; religion without science is blind.'"

Best of all in the prefabricated world of television, Garroway's *Tempo Boston* is done live. His devotion to live TV is

but one of many personal pendants picked up in the course of a broadcast career that began shortly after he got his college degree from Washington University in St. Louis, majoring in abnormal psychology. He was visiting New York City in 1937, as he tells it, when "some gal got me drunk and I woke up next morning as an NBC page."

White Mouse in the Sky. The climb to star convinced him that he is most effective when "I talk right to the camera as if it were the one other single person who is here with me and is also interested in the world." An audience only distracts: "Did you ever try to kiss two girls at one time?" An obsessive amateur astronomer and encyclopedic hobbyist, he spent a recent afternoon trying to send a white mouse soaring into the sky from a New Hampshire field in a do-it-yourself two-stage rocket. Other interests over the years have included gem cutting, watch repairing, owning 60 sports cars, writing a novel he now hopes will never be published, and training talking birds to say: "Birds can't talk." Throughout, Garroway never really lost his appetite for his intellectual brand of video fun.

Now his 6-ft. 1½-in. frame looks trim at 195 lbs. (the result of a three-month Duke University rice diet), and his hair is gray and thinning. As he happily addresses Boston's late-morning housewives, he refuses to talk down to them, and insists on "informing as many people as possible, by whatever wiles we have, so that they can understand the nature of reality." His competition consists of *Hollywood Squares*, *Concentration*, *The Art Linkletter Show*, *Beverly Hillsbillies* reruns and, inevitably, *The Loretta Young Show*. Reality being what it is, that line-up may detect his efforts. But so far, despite occasional camera bobbles and other evidences of a somewhat amateurish crew, *Tempo Boston* is far more interesting than most of Boston's local programs—and, for that matter, the network competition as well.

STEVE GRACER



GARROWAY WITH "EINSTEIN"
Only one at a time.



MRS. GRAF & KIDS AT PORT GRIMAUD
The most magnificent since Disneyland.

Spoerry notes happily that the authentic 18th century Provencal roof tiles he has collected attract moss rather nicely. There are no TV antennas to mar the roof lines: all TV, telephone and electrical wiring is underground. Port Grimaud has a hotel, restaurants, cafés and shops, but no nightclubs (one zip across to St. Tropez, two miles away). Cars are allowed only when residents are moving in or out, and there are no neon signs. Silent electric boats get residents around the canals.

The carelessness and the quiet appeal to all of Port Grimaud's regulars. Actor Jacques Charrier, Brigitte Bardot's ex-husband and one of the Port's celebrity set, says that "I've tried every kind of holiday in the south of France. I've rented the most luxurious villas. You end up every time driving your children back and forth between the house and the beach. You spend half your vacation in your car." Still, it is the proximity to boats that truly delights. As one man puts it: "I jump out of bed and into my boat and I'm off!"

Naval Architect Claude Graf wanted to change houses at Port Grimaud, but refused to sell his old one until he got an offer from a sailboat owner. Why did Graf choose Port Grimaud in the first place? "When it comes to requiring special attention, boats are worse than babies. And in bad weather it's practical to have them so close at hand." Fortunately for the sanity of those who are not all that crazy about boats, there are exceptions to the nautical mystique. Annette Englebert (of the Belgian tire family) owns a villa ten miles up into the hills above the coast, but two years ago bought a house at Port Grimaud as well. To park her yacht? "Oh, no," smiles Mlle. Englebert. "We mostly use the place for cocktails and for changing in and out of swimming clothes. I hate boats."

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Insurance is our business, but our first concern is people.



OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

BUSINESS

WHY WALL STREET IS WORRIED

NERVOUS about inflation, tight money and the prospects of a business slowdown, Wall Street has more than enough to worry about these days. But last week the words and deeds of some very important people further unnerved investors. At the U.N., U Thant reported that fighting along the Suez Canal had erupted into "open warfare." It was the kind of news that Wall Street hates. In the U.S. Senate, Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long raised prospects of a long delay before action on extension of the surtax, and Wall Street was bothered even more. Most disturbing of all, Treasury Secretary David Kennedy put on yet another inept performance. At the beginning of the week, he and Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin met with 24 top bankers and, much to the disappointment of investors, failed to win any promise that bank interest rates will not be raised still higher. The next day Kennedy told the Senate Finance Committee that if Congress failed to extend the surtax, the Administration "may want to go into controls" on wages and prices.

Even though President Nixon quickly made clear that he abhors controls and none are on the way, Kennedy's casual remark accelerated the stock market's decline. The Dow Jones industrial average fell 34 points during the week. It closed at 852, even lower than it was at the end of 1965, and down 12% from the year's high of 969. The slide wiped out \$60 billion worth of equity. Some indexes of speculative stocks have plummeted as much as 25%.

Held As Hostage. Wall Street analysts are more worried about the glamour stocks of yesterday than about the blue chips. Mutual funds have been selling, and in some cases there has been distress selling inspired by the fear that customers will redeem their fund shares for cash. Even those inveterate bulls, the managers of go-go funds, are unloading stocks, and the hedge funds have been hard hit. Some money is being shifted out of stocks into bonds. People who buy stocks on margin have to pay 11% interest, but those who buy bonds collect as much as 8% interest—a rewarding spread. Though analysts tirelessly repeat that the market is oversold, few see much chance for a strong rally until investors discern significant moves toward peace in Viet Nam or easier money at home.

What investors saw on the tax-and-money front in Washington last week was just the opposite. Extension of the tax surcharge has become the symbol of the Government's determination to fight inflation: if it is not extended, the Federal Reserve will have to make money even tighter, and 12% interest rates

could become the rule. But Senate Democrats are holding the surtax as hostage, vowing that they will not vote for it unless it is combined with long-overdue tax reforms. They sense a taxpayers' revolt and know that reform has become politically popular. Tax reform is necessary, said Chairman Russell Long of the Senate Finance Committee. But extension of the surtax, he added, should be passed before the summer recess. To mire the surtax in endless controversy over reform, said Long, would add another explosive element of uncertainty to the economy.

Secretary Kennedy's threat of con-

price controls—by a 47%-to-41% margin, according to the latest Gallup Poll. It has apparently forgotten the black markets and the gray markets that controls produced during World War II and the Korean War.

The only way for a control policy to get quick results now would be to begin with a freeze on all wages and prices. But Administration officials believe that the freeze would soon melt as policymakers found themselves forced to make exceptions to correct inequities.

Honeymoon's End. Knowledgeable bankers and brokers are less worried by any threat of controls than by a growing fear that inflation can be defeated only at the price of a recession. Corporate news has not been encouraging.



KENNEDY & MARTIN MEETING BANKERS IN WASHINGTON

Why substitute government omniscience for brilliant cybernetics?

trols—his second in little more than a month—was intended to push the Senate into moving on the surtax. Instead, it only strengthened a growing impression in the Administration, the Congress and the financial markets that he is a lightweight in the Nixon Cabinet. One of Kennedy's aides stated flatly, "I don't think anyone at Treasury has thought much about controls."

Economists of all shades of opinion consider controls undesirable, unworkable, unfair, even immoral. Conservative Milton Friedman has condemned them, and so has Paul McCracken, head of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers. Another former CEA chief, Walter Heller, adds "Trying to substitute Government omniscience for the brilliant cybernetics of the private market system would invite too many distortions, too many evasions." The public, however, is so fed up with inflation and so sick of the surtax that it favors wage-

airline stocks fell especially far last week after Pan American skipped a dividend as a result of a \$19 million loss in the year's first five months. Traders were further depressed by a cutback in capital spending at Chrysler and news that retail sales dropped in June for the second straight month. These indicators might bring some cheer to the Federal Reserve Board, which has been desperately looking for evidence that its restrictive money policy has produced some slowdown. But New York's First National City Bank warned in its latest economic letter that, "to hold fast to a restrictive policy until the signs of an economic downturn are unmistakable means that the policy will have gone too far." Reason economic indicators do not clearly signal a recession until after it has begun.

Consumers are gloomy, too. The University of Michigan's Survey Research Center found in its second-quarter study

that an overwhelming 77% of consumers expect prices to rise as rapidly or even more rapidly in the next year as in the past twelve months. The Center found no confidence that higher interest rates would curb inflation. George Katona, director of the survey, noted that earlier questioning showed many consumers expressing confidence that Nixon could bring inflation under control. His interpretation of the new findings: "The Nixon honeymoon is over."

BANKING

The Wages of Inflation

Testifying before the Senate Finance Committee last week, Treasury Secretary Kennedy defended the recent rise of the prime interest rate as a normal and necessary response to inflation. Said he: "We are paying for past sins."

Maybe so, but those sins are yielding notably handsome wages for banks. Reports last week of banks' first-half earnings emphasize that, whatever else they accomplish, high interest rates produce high profits. Compared with the first half of 1968, net operating earnings at Manhattan's net operating earnings at Manhattan's Manufacturers Hanover Corp., parent of the fourth biggest bank in the nation, rose 21% to \$40 million. Operating earnings climbed 13% at BankAmerica Corp. (the Bank of America), 11% at Chemical New York and J. P. Morgan & Co. and 10% at Chase Manhattan and Chicago's Continental Illinois—the Treasury Secretary's old bank. More modest increases were posted by First National City (6%) and Bankers Trust (2%). Some of the smaller banks really soared. Manhattan's Marine Midland Grace increased earnings by 31% to \$7.2 million.

Bankers are quick to say that the net operating earnings they report are not quite the same as ordinary corporate earnings. "N.O.E." include profits from lending but do not include defaulted loans or losses on securities investments, which most banks have suffered this year. Under any circumstances, N.O.E. figures are somewhat misleading; they tend to overstate profits during times when securities markets are falling—and understate profits when markets are rising. As a result, accounting groups are urging banks to report straight net income as corporations do. Whether they do or not, bank operating earnings are likely to remain strong in forthcoming months.

MONEY

A New Way to Reform

To heads of governments, currency devaluation is a devilish thing, to be resisted to the bitter end. It not only damages national pride but also depletes the pocketbooks of voters by forcing them to pay more for imported goods and foreign travel. Despite those drawbacks, policymakers are becoming increasingly interested in a scheme for making devaluations—and upward revaluations—fairly common.



HOUTHAKER



MACHLUP



GISCARD

An idea whose time has come.

The plan has the particularly unattractive name of "crawling peg," but it has a notably attractive list of advocates. It was popularized largely by Princeton Economist Fritz Machlup, and lately has been advocated, in one form or another, by German Economics Minister Karl Schiller, French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Hendrik Houthaker, a member of the U.S. Council of Economic Advisers. Last week Guido Carli, governor of the Bank of Italy, also offered a crawling-peg plan.

Step by Step. The 25-year-old system that the crawling peg would change is based on fixed exchange rates, under which currencies are valued in relation to the dollar and may range up or down by no more than 1% in foreign-exchange trading. Under the simplest form of crawling peg, if a currency were to sell for some months at the bottom of its 1% range, then its official value would automatically move down. On the other hand, if heavy demand were to make a currency sell persistently at the top of its range, its official value would be automatically raised.

If this system were already in effect, the disparity between the undervalued Deutsche Mark and the overvalued French franc, the most chronic source of monetary crisis, might well be reduced. The mark probably would have moved up in several steps from its present value of 25¢, to 26¢ or 27¢, and the franc would have gradually declined from 20¢ to around 18¢ or 19¢. The Dutch guilder and Italian lira probably would have moved up too, while the British pound almost certainly would be worth less than its present \$2.40. The U.S. dollar would not have changed because it is the standard against which the other currencies are measured.

Closer to Reality. There are many varieties of crawling-peg plans. Some would adjust exchange rates annually, some quarterly, some monthly. Other versions would make adjustments optional and not automatic—that is, at the discretion of each government. All advocates agree that it is essential to make the parity changes frequent but small—perhaps 1% to 2% yearly. Sup-

porters believe that, under such a system, the value of a country's currency would reflect the realities of its balance of payments position and the amount of its inflation. The crawling peg would also avoid sharp devaluations and revaluations. It would thus discourage currency speculation because the gains that could be achieved from parity changes would be too small to bother about.

Opposition is formidable. Common Market officials fear that frequent changes in the value of the Market's six currencies would wreck their system of uniform farm prices. Some German and Swiss bankers argue that the crawling peg would depress international trade and investment by creating uncertainty as to what any currency would be worth in the future. Supporters reply that under the present system, threats of large devaluations or revaluations create even greater uncertainty—and that all too many governments depress trade by imposing controls on the movement of goods and capital in order to preserve unrealistic exchange rates.

The Road Ahead. At its September meeting in Washington, the International Monetary Fund is expected to appoint a committee to study the many peg plans. IMF Executive Director Pierre-Paul Schweitzer has invited official discussion of the peg and a companion plan for greater exchange-rate flexibility, the "wider band." Under this plan, currencies would be allowed to swing 2% to 3% above or below their official parity. A wider band would give the crawling peg more room in which to crawl, and would lessen the frequency with which central banks have to intervene in world money markets to support or hold down a currency's price.

France's Giscard d'Estaing believes that a peg system could be operating a year or two after a decision to go ahead. Other economists recall that Special Drawing Rights—so-called "paper gold"—took five years to move from the status of a radical academic idea to a reform that the 111 IMF nations are actually about to institute. However long reform may take, more and more men regard the crawling peg as an idea whose time has come.

The Rising Pressures to Perform

On the surface, he is a successful executive at Kaiser Industries, 40 years old, with important responsibilities. But he worries constantly about whether he is equal to the job. More often than not, a routine phone call from a superior sets off a sudden, stabbing pain in his chest. Company doctors are seriously concerned about his health. Constant tension, they report, brings on the pains of angina pectoris, which often precede a heart attack.

TENSION kills few people outright, but there is evidence that the increasing competitiveness of business has stretched many executives to their emotional and physical limits. While the work week is declining for laborers, more and more executives are discovering that there are no longer enough hours available to study reports, attend meetings and make decisions, let alone spend time with the family. A study of Chicago businessmen by Daniel D. Howard Associates, management consultants, showed that the average chief executive puts in 53 hours at his desk every week, then carries another ten hours of work home. At the Ashland Oil & Refining Co. in Ashland, Ky., higher-ranking officers often work a 63-day week, with only enough time off on weekends for church and 18 holes of golf at the club.

A Desk Full of Pills. Today's top executives, explains one Ohio physician, "spent their teens in the Depression, their 20s in the worst war in history, their 30s trying to make up for lost time. And now they must stay ahead in the age of cybernetics." Because of the computer, more information is readily available than any man can digest; but many executives push relentlessly in an effort to keep abreast. To make things tougher for them, jet travel has broken down the constraints of distance. With the farthest plant or subsidiary only hours away by air, many executives get into the habit of dashing off on grueling one-day inspection trips—and thus work ever harder in the office, trying to catch up. Typically, Goodyear Chairman Russell DeYoung last year jetted 104,000 miles to keep track of the company's business.

While most executives have become resigned to such travel, the Howard Associates poll indicated that 42% of the wives of company presidents resent the time that their husbands spend on the road. In some suburbs, the men are away so often that all-women cocktail parties have become an institution. Many of their husbands also drink more than their share. In Manhattan, restaurants advertise Businessmen's Breakfasts, featuring a Bloody Mary. An Akron psychiatrist says: "Stress and executive anxiety are endemic. Desks are full of pills. Liquor for lunch is a necessity." As a result, many companies employ a psychiatrist.

U. S. Steel Psychiatrist John MacIver surveyed 2,000 managers in the metals industry and found that 42% of those responding expressed fears about their ability to keep up with advanced technology. The growing pace of mergers has brought on another kind of anxiety known as "conglomerate psychosis." Many chief managers worry about how long there will be a company left for them to manage. Lower executives fret about keeping their jobs after a takeover. Then there is company involvement in urban affairs; executives are expected to participate

in community groups at the expense of their free time. Says Dr. L. S. Thompson Jr., a physician who treats executives of Dallas' Southland Life Insurance Co.: "You see a lot of battle fatigue in business, just as in war."

The pressure to perform well in business looms ever larger as a reason why the life expectancy of males in the U.S. is only 66.7 years—five years less than in Sweden, and appreciably less than in such countries as Japan, Czechoslovakia and Israel. Contrary to popular belief, the U.S. ranks low in longevity—24th among countries that keep statistics. The male life expectancy rate has not risen significantly in the U.S. since the 1940s.

For all the tension they face, many businessmen do not suffer from executive breakdowns. To find out why, two San Francisco physicians, Dr. Ray Rosenman and Dr. Meyer Friedman, have been keeping records on 3,000 men from ten corporations since 1960. They have divided their subjects into two groups. The "A" man is aggressive and hard-driving, the kind of competitor who hates to lose. He is almost surely heading for trouble. The "B" man is more relaxed. He does not take his problems away from the office, and he is occasionally late to work. He also lives longer. Since the study began, 250 of its subjects have had heart attacks—nearly three out of four were "A" men. "The old Horatio Alger story," says Dr. Friedman, "is becoming the biggest killer in the U.S." The doctors cannot yet explain the link between stress and body chemistry, but they have observed that the cholesterol level of accountants under study rose as the April tax deadline approached and fell afterwards.

Man in the Middle. Other doctors dispute the relationship between hard, stressful work and poor health. Dr. Lawrence Hinkle of Cornell studied the health of 270,000 Bell System employees over a five-year period and found that executives suffered 43% fewer heart attacks than blue-collar workers. He concludes that a process of natural selection operates to ensure that the men who make it to the president's office are the strongest.

Indeed, the strain is often greatest on the middle managers, who do not get the lift that comes from being on top. One personnel officer admits that his company's major health problem is that too many men seem to burn out at 55. The harried middle manager feels the hot breath of rising young men, who now start at salaries that it once took ten years to achieve. Frank Cas-

sell, professor of industrial relations at Northwestern's Graduate School of Business, detects a widespread malaise that affects even these high-priced junior executives. "Young Northwestern alumni are wondering about the meaning of their lives in business," he says. Meanwhile, many students have been repelled by business, partly as a reaction against their fathers' long hours and frequent trips.

Corporate directors for years have understood that the success of their organization is predicated on executive efficiency. But it is obvious that a new factor has been added to the equation. To recruit and retain top-caliber people, business leaders must somehow modify the demands of the executive suite. They must make it more rewarding for those who occupy it, and more attractive to those who should be working toward it.



KAISER MEDICAL OFFICE IN OAKLAND, CALIF.



KROEKER IN MALAWI PLANT
They call it "wisdom."

AFRICA

Electronic Entrepreneur

There is no shortage of barriers to doing business in Africa. Shaky local governments are often difficult to deal with, markets are hard to develop, and trained workers are in short supply. Yet Russell Kroeker, a 28-year-old U.S. electrical engineer from Richboro, Pa., has overcome all such hurdles to become the fastest-rising entrepreneur in Malawi, the nation created in 1964 from the British protectorate of Nyasaland.

After spending a student summer in Nyasaland in 1962, Kroeker wrote Prime Minister Hastings Banda to offer his services to the government-run radio station. When Banda accepted, Kroeker headed back with his hi-fi set, a homemade motor bike and 200 lbs. of spare radio parts. Three years ago, with \$32,000 in locally raised capital, he founded the Nzeru Radio Co. Ltd. Since then, Nzeru—the word means "wisdom" in the Chichewa language—has produced 35,000 radios of Kroeker's design, and employment has grown to more than 50. In 1968, the company earned about \$60,000 on sales of \$210,000—a modest sum by Western standards but a considerable feat for an African enterprise. Nzeru has just introduced a portable model that, together with a new radio-phonograph, promises to increase sales.

Kroeker has also produced a phonograph record called *Ufa Wa Muedza* (Peanut Flour); its rock songs were composed and sung by Peace Corpsman Jack Allison, who dispenses health hints musically. Sample lyric: "Keep away the flies from your baby's eyes." When not at work, Kroeker, the only U.S. businessman in Malawi, relaxes by climbing nearby Mt. Mlanje (9,843 ft.) or spend-

ing time with his Malawian wife and three daughters. Though he hopes to turn Nzeru over to Malawian management "possibly within two years," he plans to stay on. He is thinking of diversifying into other products for which there is a local need—like bicycles and razor blades.

TRADE

Feeling the Pinch in Shoes

As a self-proclaimed free trader, President Nixon is plainly on the spot. His campaign commitment to protect the U.S. textile industry earned him Southern votes, but it also encouraged other industries to clamor for new barriers to imports. The line-up of supplicants now includes such diverse groups as steelmen, strawberry growers, carpet weavers, piano makers, beekeepers, glass producers.

Next to textile men, no other group has flexed as much political muscle as shoe manufacturers. By last week 303 members of the House had petitioned President Nixon for "voluntary" import restrictions on shoes. On a similar petition in the Senate, Republican Margaret Chase Smith of Maine gathered another 59 signatures, including those of Senators Edward Kennedy and Edmund Muskie.

Unique Penetration. Support for the trade-restricting measures cuts through geographic and party lines because shoe manufacturing is scattered across 40 states. It is a principal industry in New England and ranks high in Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Ohio and North Carolina. Altogether, 253 Congressmen have shoe plants in their home districts, most of them located in small towns where they are vital to the local economy.

"The shoe industry," says Congressman James A. Burke of Massachusetts, a chief promoter of curbs, "is seeking a reasonable solution such as quotas based on the 1968 import levels, perhaps allowing for a 5% increase per year." Industry spokesmen claim that expanding imports of leather and vinyl shoes—mostly from Italy and Japan—have for years absorbed all the growth in the U.S. market. Since 1955, imports have risen from 8,000,000 pairs representing only a 1% share of the domestic market to last year's 175 million pairs, or about 21% of the market. "No other industry that now enjoys import limitation or even the promise of import limitation can show market penetration of 21%," says Senator Smith. "Seven plants closed in New England during the first four months of 1969 with imports cited as a major factor in each case."

Scapegoats. For all those figures, there is considerable evidence that foreign producers are being cast as scapegoats by a domestic industry that is struggling with problems reaching far beyond import competition. The industry includes hundreds of small, lightly cap-

italized firms, and many plant closings are the result of mergers and acquisitions, not foreign competition.

Domestic manufacturers blame their troubles primarily on the gap between U.S. and foreign wages. In the U.S., wages and benefits for shoe workers average \$2.75 an hour, compared with \$1 in Italy, 56¢ in Spain, 58¢ in Japan and 48¢ in Taiwan. Labor is indeed a prime cost factor in an industry that has never been able to mechanize to any great extent. But price is not the only reason that the imports do so well. Craftsmanship and leadership in styling are equally valid explanations for the appeal of foreign shoes, particularly those from Italy, which account for 35% of the imports.

Ducking the Problem. Not all of the U.S.'s 700 shoe manufacturers are hurt by the imports. Melville Shoe Corp. has a plant in Spain, where it produces several types that are sold in its Thom McAn retail stores. Commerce Department officials believe that one-quarter of last year's shoe imports were products of companies set up or backed by U.S. manufacturers.

Keenly aware of shoe manufacturers' high-powered political support, the Nixon Administration is conducting an intense study of the industry's case. In 1968, President Johnson ducked the problem by instructing the U.S. Tariff Commission to prepare a report; the document landed on Nixon's desk in January. It predicts that, whether or not import competition becomes more intense, mergers and consolidations will continue because many of the small, family-owned companies simply cannot compete with the prosperous large manufacturers. Speaking of imports, the report concludes: "There is no concrete evidence of substantial injury to the domestic shoe industry."



MAINE'S SENATOR SMITH
Problems far beyond the competition.

They made us a sporting proposition.

The guys who invented this sporty little buggy knew where they wanted to go.

So they designed a vehicle that could go anywhere, do anything.

But getting tires that could scramble up steep hills, crawl over rocks, swim through water, and churn through mud, sand and snow was quite a problem.

The tires would have to be tough, but extremely light. They should be soft enough to give a comfortable ride, and have enough traction to work on land or water.

Several companies said such a tire was impossible to make.

But B.F. Goodrich thought it could be done.

To make the tire tough, we developed a special rubber compound. To make it light, we did away with heavy layers of plies, and bonded the molded construction directly to the hub. This reduced the weight of the tires, and eliminated the weight of wheels.

To make the tires flexible, we designed them for less than 2 pounds of air. And we built in special cleats to give extra traction on land and to propel the vehicle in water.

And so the go-anywhere, do-anything vehicle became possible. All because we were willing to take a customer's problem, make it a B.F. Goodrich problem, and go all out to solve it.

B.F. Goodrich

**We did the
impossible.**



AIRLINES

The White-Knuckle Carriers

Along with its big, intercity trunk airlines and its smaller, regional carriers, the U.S. has still another kind of air service—and it is the fastest-growing of all. More than 4,000 short-haul outfits will carry about 725,000 passengers this year in small planes that fly between convenient downtown airports or to and from smaller towns and cities. For years the lines have been known rather ingloriously as "third-level carriers," but their safety standards have often been so third-rate that some customers call them "white-knuckle airlines."

Passengers have hair-curling stories about many of the little lines, including engine failures, landings with the landing gear retracted, and even running out of gas. Recently, a Cleveland-bound Wright Air Lines flight out of Detroit barely made it across Lake Erie to a

The better third-level carriers, including some of the scheduled services that the FAA calls "commuter air carriers," demand airline-style experience of their pilots—but most do not. At the bottom are the unscheduled "air taxis," many of which are Mom and Pop outfits that hire out for various chores and use smaller and less well-equipped planes than the commuters.

Such shoestring operators are responsible for most of the third level's harum-scarum reputation, but things get a bit dicey at times even on the better commuter lines. Cleveland-based Wright and TACI airlines of Detroit accounted for all of 29 ground alerts at Cleveland's Burke Lakefront Airport during one recent twelve-month period. Eight of the alerts involved closing the airport and rolling out the fire engines, though there were no accidents.

The commuters mostly fly small prop planes, but they owe their development

TOBACCO

Trouble from an Old Friend

The political winds seemed to be blowing just the way the tobacco industry wanted last month, when the House of Representatives voted to protect cigarette advertising from assaults by U.S. regulatory agencies. The House bill was designed to thwart the efforts of the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Communications Commission, both of which wanted to outlaw all cigarette ads on TV and radio. But last week the tobacco men encountered new trouble from a usually friendly corner: the broadcast industry itself.

Blackout. The National Association of Broadcasters' self-policing TV and radio "code-review boards" proposed that the industry begin a gradual phase-out of cigarette commercials over a three-year period starting next January, and eliminate all cigarette ads by September 1973. Adoption of the plan by the full N.A.B. is only a formality. The N.A.B. program would affect the three TV networks and about 400 independent TV stations, as well as 6,272 radio stations that subscribe to the N.A.B. code. Many of the non-code stations, which account for 36% of TV and 64% of radio stations, would follow. A complete blackout would mean the sacrifice of some \$300 million a year in broadcast ad revenues—about \$200 million by TV alone, which depends on cigarette commercials for 11% of its advertising.

The broadcasters' decision reflected their feeling that Government controls were not far off. For all its success in the House, the tobacco bill faces some difficult hurdles in the Senate, where anti-smoking sentiment is stronger. Senate cigarette foes, in fact, promise either to pass a tougher law or do nothing—and thus allow the regulatory agencies to impose almost any rules they please. Understandably, N.A.B. officials had been working on their blackout proposal for some time, and their announcement last week came soon after Utah Democrat Frank Moss, head of the Senate Consumer Subcommittee, sent telegrams advising them that they had better "do something" about smoking ads.

Next Target. The industry timetable would obviously ease the shock of ending the ads—which may not be much of a shock after all. Presumably, the broadcasters would also be allowed to phase out those FCC-required free anti-smoking commercials, which take up \$70 million worth of air time a year. Some but by no means all of the loss from cigarette commercials would be made up by the fast-diversifying tobacco companies themselves. As they cut back their cigarette ad budgets, they would spend more on their non-tobacco products.

No fadeout can come fast enough to please the cigarette's most zealous opponents. Utah's Moss feels that the N.A.B. plan "may take too long." And he is anxious to move on to his next target: cigarette ads in printed media.



DEPLANING FROM ASPEN AIRWAYS AT ASPEN
Only the best will survive.

safe if silent emergency landing in a field in Canada: the pilot had neglected to check the fuel before taking off. Denver's Aspen Airways navigates around 14,000-ft. mountain peaks while flying at 13,500 ft. without benefit of cabin pressure or oxygen (except on request). Quite understandably, the line bills itself as "the world's fastest ski lift."

Shoestring Taxicabs. According to Washington's National Transportation Safety Board, the little lines have an accident fatality rate of 7.65 deaths per 100 million passenger-miles. The U.S. trunk and regional carriers, by contrast, have a fatality rate of .25 per 100 million passenger-miles.

The troubles have been caused mainly by the carriers' fast growth. Few of today's 240 scheduled small lines existed as recently as 1964, and regulation lags behind. As FAA rules now stand, all an operator needs before going into the business is a commercial pilot's license, which can be earned with less than 200 hours of training. Pilots for the major airlines need a minimum 1,200 hours, plus instrument-flying proficiency,

to the jet age. Larger airlines have left the field clear for them in towns and cities where meager traffic will not support the costly big transports. And in many cases, the small carriers have made themselves essential. Rural Spencer, Iowa, found itself so isolated that town officials invited Minnesota's Fleet Airlines to provide regular service to larger cities and happily agreed to make up any losses.

Even where major airline service is available, businessmen sometimes find the little lines more convenient. Chicago's Commuter Airlines offers 20 flights a day between lakefront Meigs Field and Detroit City Airport. The great jets fly between the cities much faster (in 40 min. or so, v. 1 1/2 hrs. for Commuter), but Commuter customers avoid the long drive to outlying airports and get from downtown to downtown more quickly. Industry analysts expect that mergers will eventually whittle the present 240 scheduled operators down to a much smaller number of well-financed, more closely regulated carriers—and that only the best will survive.

Sports Illustrated

GET READY FOR FOOTBALL '69



BE
IN ON THE
EXCITEMENT
EACH WEEK
WITH
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAIL
THE ATTACHED
CARD
TODAY



Let's get together and talk about life.



American United Life • Indianapolis • We have been guaranteeing futures for nearly 100 years.

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Flawed Virtue

A broody, pushy, sexy young thing hits the road to seek meaning in life and self. She doesn't find it, because she doesn't really want to. She even flees from the realities she stumbles upon—a Catholic church in Phoenix, a Mexican warehouse, an offer of unselfish love. She is essentially untouched by the episodes she floats through. The story is a series of commas.

Chastity hears the mark of first effort. It tries, awkwardly, to innovate: the heroine has several thought-solid-ouques that are slangy, pretentious mini-



CHER IN "CHASTITY"
String of commas.

sermons on God, man and morals. The final frames, which flashback to reveal a troubled upbringing, are too late and too pat—merely a neat way to label things and go home. The film is arch and inconclusive; in Chastity's own words: "Do me a favor. Don't try to make me. I'll tell you if I feel like it."

Sonny Bono's screenplay and production are flawed. But the acting debut of Cher, his marital and folk-rock singing partner, is more than creditable. True, the messed-up-youth scene can hardly be new to her (and the Bonos' little girl happens to be named Chastity), but Cher is on-screen for virtually the whole film and still handles herself with an easy flair. She clearly enjoys playing a side-of-the-mouth, post-teeny-hopper bitch, and even brings off the role's dark comedy. An instance: as a would-be prostitute she collects a garterful of cash from a young Alfred E. Newman type by deadpanning, "Take the special

—the quickie's a drag." Then, still leading him perfectly, she talks him into "the whole works," which never materializes. Chastity's primary virtue is that it serves as a showcase for an engaging newcomer.

Heart Transplant

Past the glass and aluminum office buildings run ribbons of superhighway. Beyond the highway are decayed brownstones and rat-ridden lots that have become the graveyards of automobiles and black aspirations. In this ghetto setting, a group of Negro activists conspire to aid the families of 17 jailed "brothers."

The chief conspirator in *The Lost Man* is Jason Higgs (Sidney Poitier), a radical organizer who plots a theoretically infallible payroll robbery. But harassed by police and chivied by a disciple of nonviolence (Al Freeman Jr.), Jason seems cursed from the opening. When the robbery erupts into blood and death, it is only a formal ratification of doom. Jason's descent from provocateur to fugitive and his ultimate Tristan and Isolde death scene with a white chick (Joanna Shimkus) are even stagier and more predictable.

Director-Scenarist Robert Alan Auerth is manifestly sympathetic to the black cause. But the film's sincerity is varnished with artifice. The interracial love affair is as uncomfortable as some of the dialogue ("Do you enjoy being a tall, dark secret?"). The film's open-ended references to a mysterious Negro "organization" unfortunately recall the paranoid fantasies of Ian Fleming's Mr. Big in *Live and Let Die*. Ultimately, *The Lost Man* is notable less for what it does than for what its star does not do. After *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, many black critics found Sidney Poitier in the fink of condition. Now, outfitted with shades and a scowl, tersely barking orders for social upheaval, Poitier may still be playing Superman, but it is a black fantasy this time, not a white one.

This year, two movies about black rebellion have imitated film classics of the Irish revolution. *Up Tight* (TIME, Jan. 3) was based on *The Informer*; *The Lost Man* is a darkened copy of *Odd Man Out*. The transatlantic temptation is all too understandable, for as a French revolutionist observed, "The poor are the Negroes of Europe." Nonetheless, the Irish fiction grew from a native soul and soil. *The Lost Man* is a legitimate and anguished cry that suffers in translation.

Life Is a Hospital

There is no one more serious than a character in a farce. The mirth belongs solely to the audience; if a performer cracks a smile, he crumbles the whole absurd structure. No one knows the rules better than Philippe de Broca (*The Love Game*, *That Man from Rio*). In *The*

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1919 Curtiss NC-4



1920 Boeing MB-3



1921 Boeing GA-X attack Triplane



1922 Curtiss Pulitzer Cup racer



1927 Ryan "Spirit of St. Louis"



1928 Boeing P-12



1929 Travel Air "Mystery S" racer



1930 Boeing Model 80



1935 Howard "Mister Mulligan"



1936 Douglas DC-3



1937 Seversky P-35



1938 Boeing 314 "Clipper"



1942 North American B-25 "Mitchell"



1943 Consolidated B-24 "Liberator"



1944 North American P-51 "Mustang"



1948 Boeing 377 "Stratocruiser"



1949 Republic F-84 "Thunderjet"



1950 Lockheed "Super Constellation"



1955 Boeing B-52 "Stratofortress"



1956 Douglas B-66 "Destroyer"



1957 Boeing 707



1958 Lockheed F-104 "Starfighter"



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1934 Boeing P-26



1939 Stearman PT-13 trainer



1940 Curtiss P-40 "Warhawk"



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1945 Boeing B-29 "Superfortress"



1946 Douglas AD-1 "Skyraider"



1947 Consolidated B-36



1951 North American F-86 "Sabrejet"



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1953 Douglas F4D "Skyray"



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MONTAND IN "DEVIL"
Out of the trunk.

Devil by the Tail, as in his previous films, the French director bends the truth but never quite breaks it, and makes sure that even during its wildest moments his comedy keeps a straight face.

In a ruined château, a family of French aristocrats are slowly starving to death. The austere, haughty marquise conceives a plan. With the help of God—and her daughter and granddaughter—she will turn the place into a bordello. As Baudelaire wrote and the picture illustrates, "Life is a hospital in which every patient is possessed with the desire to change his bed." In a sudden deluge of customers, the most libidinous patient is César (Yves Montand), a glib, jittery professional thief. The ladies of the house conspire to render unto themselves what is César's—a million stolen francs—with a genteel little murder. But under the international law that protects *tareurs*, César not only escapes with his life but also with the affection of the château's only virgin, Jeanne (Clotilde Joano).

For years, Montand has been living two lives. Onstage he is a singer of romantic ballads and risqué street songs. On-screen, in such films as *La Guerre Est Finie* and *Live for Life*, he is as grim and bitter as Humphrey Bogart. In *The Devil by the Tail*, he takes his stage personality out of the trunk and refurbishes it with a series of warm interludes and witty tongue-in-cheek pantomimes. As the marquise's daughter, Maria Schell also alters her usually grim image with a comically erotic performance and an exuberantly uplifted bosom.

The word farce comes from a Latin verb meaning "to stuff." Too often film farces are crammed with top-of-the-lungs comedians and bottom-of-the-gag-film comedy. *The Devil by the Tail* fills its hour and a half with sly performances and wry wit. It is the stuff of life—and of laughter.



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BOOKS

Bridge and Towers

VOYAGER: A LIFE OF HART CRANE
by John Unterecker. 787 pages. Farrar,
Straus & Giroux. \$15.

"A rip-tooth of the sky's acetylene." Thus Hart Crane in "To Brooklyn Bridge" describes the noon light hitting into Wall Street. As a poet, Crane sought "surrender to the sensations of urban life." Out of such sensations, he said, he hoped to forge "a mystical synthesis of America," for which (he told his perplexed patron, Otto Kahn) "one might take the Sistine Chapel as an analogy."

He knew his Whitman "like a book." Robert Lowell has written, but Whitman was too great an invitation to incoherence, and "The Bridge" is at times incoherent. Crane admitted that in some of his short lyrics the words were chosen in fits of wine-induced ecstasy to the blare of jazz on a victrola. The



MOTHER GRACE

idea was that the thoughts would blend and fertilize each other magically. Indeed, a few of the individual lyrics have come to seem as imperishable as Blake's. But the magic failed, so the 1920 critics said, when applied to the epic that Crane had it in his heart to write.

Flung Typewriters. Today, however, the splendor of Crane's intention is winning him a more tolerant audience. This is especially true among poets sharing his faith in the word as "object." It is also true among academic critics like Columbia's John Unterecker, whose *Voyager* is the second serious study of Crane's life to appear since Philip Horton's adventurous *Hart Crane: The Life of an American Poet* (1937).

Big, expensive, documented from all sides, *Voyager* pays Crane the usual tribute of trying to understand him in perspective. This isn't always easy. The word was actually "made flesh" for Crane in love affairs with sailors. He threw typewriters out of windows. "I saw all the trees below his window festooned with the typewriter ribbon," a friend remembers. Still, Unterecker cautions, "if Crane tossed out of windows everything

that his acquaintances have him tossing, most of America, half of Europe, and all of Mexico would still be littered with flung typewriters." He invaded the lives of his many good friends the way his parents invaded his. The complex emotions of his life, "twisted with the love of things irreconcilable," make his brief career long in the telling.

Grooving Cards. It appears that to enter into the mysterious personality from which the poems came, as well as the problem of why the poems were so few, it is necessary not only to know Crane but to know his divorced parents as well. His father, a successful self-made candy manufacturer, was the inventor of Life Savers; his mother, unhappy, nervous, was preternaturally pos-



HART CRANE (ca. 1916)

Twisted with love of things irreconcilable.

sessive, Crane and each of his parents, Unterecker explains, "concerned with immense problems, anxiously kept them from the other two." Yet each kept "guessing and misunderstanding the motives and actions of the others." To know this trio requires reproducing hundreds of letters, in which the Cranes destroyed each other in the language of greeting cards. The correspondence is a trial to biographer and reader, especially in view of the sickening domestic sentimentality that surrounded all the Cranes.

As a result of Unterecker's exhaustive compilation, the reader can begin to interpret and understand the conditions in which Crane's poetic impulse lived and died. The towers that so often rise in Crane's verse recall, for instance, the northwest tower room where he played his victrola to drown out "the conversation of mother and grandmother that filtered up from the living room." This was neither his first nor his last at-

tempt "to isolate myself... from the avalanche" of domestic emotion. Eventually, for the sake of "the freedom of my imagination," he fled from Ohio to New York, then to Paris and Mexico.

Mellow Drama. For the sake of the same freedom, he underlined passages about the divine madness of poets, and educated himself in the modern poets and the influences to which they pointed. When "the steep encroachments of my blood" were not having their homosexual way with Crane, he spent hours teaching his language to do tricks. "Crane in those days," says Unterecker, "attacked a poem the way hundreds of other young men in Akron were attacking the motors of their fathers' Fords. He tinkered, calculated, adjusted, balanced. He fussed until it hummed."

But the family letters followed him everywhere. His father's pursuing stationery presented two embossed cranes at the top, and at the bottom the motto "In All the World No Sweets like These." His mother's reproaches about his ruinous life punished him; her si-



FATHER CLARENCE

lences bothered him more. The farther he fled, the more homesick he became, and the more violent. He could not take the punning advice of his aunt about his mother, "Don't worry; think it only mellow drama." In Mexico in 1932 he attempted suicide; on the way home, he drowned himself. He was 32.

It is necessary not to exaggerate Crane's madness, and Unterecker's arduous biography helps avoid exaggeration. A friend remembers that when Crane was drunk, dancing alone to the victrola that seemed to accompany him everywhere, he had "absolute abandon and, at the same time, a certain control of his movements." A wild and yet tender grace was a quality both of the man and the poet who saw "The moon in lonely alleys make: A grail of laughter of an empty ash can." That the grace did not last was a tragedy for American letters; that it was there to begin with is important too. Ivor Winters, not Crane's friendliest critic, offered an ultimate word of admiration: "I would gladly emulate Odysseus, if I could, and go down to the shadows for another hour's conversation with Crane on the subject of poetry."

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Something There Is, Etc.

HADRIAN'S WALL by David Divine. 244 pages. Gambit. \$8.95.

It is a relic, really, of a classic blunder. *Pendomita Britannia et statim omis- sa*, noted Tacitus scornfully—"Britain was conquered and then thrown away." He blamed the Emperor Domitian, who in A.D. 84 suddenly ordered his brilliant field commander Agricola to return to Rome just when a wholly Roman Britain seemed within grasp of the legions. Thereafter, year by year, the troops that had pressed nearly to the top of Scotland fell back under guerilla attacks from the Britons. At last, in A.D. 119, Rome decided to stem the retreat and make the best of things by building a wall.

Today, from Solway Firth to the North Sea, through places with amiable country names like Milking Gap, Castle Nick, Twice Brewed, Bogle Hole and Lodhams Slack, the overgrown and tumbled remains of the wall still snake across the neck of Britain. For generations, antiquaries have poked at it and puzzled over it as antiquaries will, especially if they are British. The latest is David Divine, a military correspondent for the London *Sunday Times*, who prefers strategy to stones. He has wrung from the grassy ruins evidence to show how Domitian's mistake, and the very existence of the wall, prefigured the eventual doom of Roman Britain.

On the Line. That the doom was a long time coming—more than 250 years—may be credited in part to the tactical genius of another, greater emperor. Hadrian had been ruling barely five years when, in A.D. 122, a frontier tour brought him to the site of the wall. He evolved (personally, according to Divine) a radical new defense plan that helped in part to lend his name to the wall. Previously, Roman soldiers had been stationed in fortlets behind the barrier; from these they were ready to be rushed to threatened segments whenever an attack was mounted. Hadrian added cavalry, giving his forces far more flexibility and speed, and enabling them to meet any attack before it could gather full momentum.

With only three exceptions, Hadrian's plan worked perfectly. Like U.S. forces on search-and-destroy missions in Viet Nam, Roman cavalry patrols regularly harried the forested valleys and bare fells rising to the Scottish border. Caledones creeping through the fuzze or wheeling down on the moors in small war chariots soon learned the bloody lesson that the sector in front of the wall was as Roman as anything behind it. So manned, however, the wall was expensive. Divine estimates that no fewer than 35,000 troops, 63% of the entire garrison force of Roman Britain, were tied up along it.

Often bored, the troops were fair game for anyone with political ambi-

tions. In A.D. 196 and again in A.D. 296, the legions left their posts to follow imperial pretenders. Each time the barbarians immediately swept south across the unmanned wall and ravaged towns and villas. Decaying loyalties were also responsible for the third—and last—debacle. Agents called the *Arcani*, or secret ones (whom Divine identifies as “part of the Roman CIA”), apparently took bribes, conspiring with enemy tribesmen who were forming a broad anti-Roman alliance in Britain. In A.D. 367, the wall fell by assault. This time the legions did not return. Within a few decades, they had left Britain altogether.

Fixed Folly. Divine argues that Rome’s British venture was ultimately a failure because it made no money

IAN YEDMAN



HADRIAN'S WALL
Symbol of the doom.

for the imperial exchequer, and it had no other purpose. It could barely pay for its own security—that is, for the wall. Hadrian’s wall was not bad as a makeshift defense, but total conquest and no wall at all would have been better.

Though not a guidebook, *Hadrian’s Wall* is a fine companion for any traveler contemplating a stroll around Castle Nick or Bogle Hole—or a stay-at-home who likes to ponder the philosophical folly of fixed defense in a politically volatile landscape. Its scattering of color photographs are mossily evocative. If the author would rather convince than charm (his prose style seems to have been honed in writing battlefield dispatches), he nevertheless has done more to bring a wall to life than anyone since Pyramus and Thisbe.



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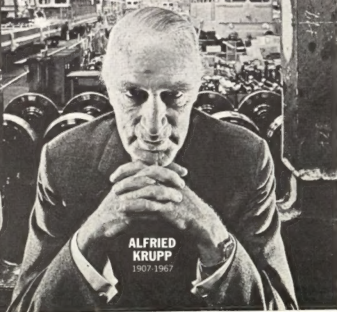
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ALFRED KRUPP
1907-1967

The Bulldog Breed

WHO TOOK THE GOLD AWAY by John Leggett. 468 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

There are two sides to the generation gap. Just as there are graybeards over 30 who don't know where it's at, there are peach fuzzes barely 20 who haven't the foggiest of where it used to be. Take the traditional college experience, for example. The fiercest barricades used to be social, not political—because the politics were personal, not ideological. It was more important to get in with the right people than get on with the struggle against an unjust world. The results, in those days, were relationships that were both sturdy and slightly sick.

Consider the case of Ben Moseley and Pierce Jay. Both are Yalermen, both class of '42. Ben is a scholarship student from a public high school in Providence, Pierce a cosmopolitan product of the church school system. Ben is quiet, competent, dullish; he studies and plods and runs the campus laundry. Pierce is flamboyant, brilliant, a dazzler in every way; he downs his drinks with gusto, drives fast cars and is the spunky campus cutup.

As sharp opposites, Pierce and Ben naturally attract each other. They become roommates, try out together for the *News*, join the same club (Fence). But like so many good friends they are also bad friends, out to destroy as much as to enhance each other. Ben secretly ruins Pierce's chance to become chairman of the *News*. Pierce makes clandestine love to Ben's virginal girl friend.

Domestic Explosion. All of this is literally the stuff of an old-school novel. Author Leggett (class of '42) remembers prewar Yale, from a Tap Day at Branford Court to any day in the heelers' room of the *Oldest College Daily*. He tells it with marvelous class and considerable spit and polish. He also manages to launch his dual heroes upon a Marquandish stream of life.

After separation in the war, the destructive bonds of friendship are renewed when the two marry girls who know each other. Domestic explosion comes during a cruise off the rocky shores of Maine, when Ben—almost inevitably—beds down with Pierce's wife.

The remarkable creation within this workmanlike and well-modulated narrative is the character of Pierce. Steadfastly carrying a belief in the heroic pattern of life "like a shiny coin in his pocket," he represents a Hemingwayesque hero as seen through a Fitzgerald lens. His relationship with Ben is something far more complex than a simple boy-meets-boy story. As Pierce's wife observes to Ben just before the denouement: "What a curious pair you are, you two. I used to think the relationships between women were complicated, but they're nothing to what goes on between a couple of old Blues, are they?"

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